

SANTA CLAUS HAS ORDERED US TO CLEAR

Out the Entire Second Floor, to make room for his Grand Display of Xmas Toys.

3c.

10-quart Rinsing Pans,

19c.

2-quart Dippers

7c.

Quart Cup,

3c.

Fine Blown Crystal Tumblers, 2c; cut from 10c.

Fine Crystal Bread Plates, 9c; reduced from 15c.

Crystal Bowls and Covers, 16c; regular price, 25c.

Crystal Pickle Dishes, 4c; cut from 10c.

7 Barrels fine Celery Glasses, 15c; cut from 30c.

20c.

Reduced from 40c.

Everything on the second floor goes as fast as give-away prices will take it.



\$7.50

Worth \$10.

\$7.50

Come Early.

\$7.50

CRAWFORD

Obeys, and will this week sell off all Housefurnishing Goods, including Blankets, Comforts, Lace Curtains, etc., etc., at prices with wings to them.



39c

4cents

Just Read these Prices

EVERYTHING GOES.

300 fine Nickel Clocks, 85c; reduced from \$1.15.

1000 fine Copper Tea Kettles, 63c; cut from \$1.

12 gross Brass Match Safes, 4c; reduced from 10c.

12 gross fine Whisk Brooms; with black enameled handle, 8c; cut from 15c.

500 School Bags, 5c; reduced from 10c.

450 School Satchels, with shoulder straps, 25c; cut from 50c.

175 large Office Baskets, 35c; regular price, 50c.

5 bales Clothes Lines, 60 feet, 8c; were 15c.

300 fine French Lunch Baskets, 19c; reduced from 35c.

500 Japanese Lamp Shades, 5c; cut from 10c.

200 Coco Door Mats, large size, with red border, 53c; were 85c.

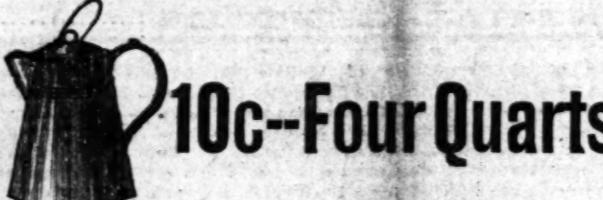
500 pair Carving Knives and Forks, 17c a pair; reduced from 50c.

15 gross Table Knives and Forks, 48c a set.

500 fine, large Smyrna Rugs, 98c; cut down from \$1.50.



One Gallon
14c.



10c-Four Quarts

Mattresses, Blankets and Comfortables

AT GIVE-AWAY PRICES.

Fancy Japanned Cuspadores, reduced from 20c to 10c.

Large Wash Basins, with rings, were 15c, to 8c.

Biscuit Cutters, were 5c, cut to 2c.

1-quart Cups, cut from 5c to 3c.

1-pint Cups, 2c each.

300 Japanned Hotel Jars, assorted colors, 35c; reduced from 50c.

Stamped Milk Pans, 10-quart, 14c; cut from 25c.

15 gross large Gravy Strainers, cut to 3c.

200 large Dinner Buckets, 18c; reduced from 30c.

Large Coffee Funnel, reduced from 15c to 10c.

200 Steamers, with cover, were 25c, cut to 14c.

1000 Standard Quart Measures, 5c.

200 fine Silver-Plated Pickle Casters, 75c; cut from \$1.50.

\$4.50

Reduced from

\$6.50

Elegantly Decorated.



SANTA CLAUS WANTS the ROOM

TINWARE GOES.

1000 dozen large, fine Floor Brooms; cut down from 15c to 75c.

Two-quart Sance Pans, with cover; cut from 10c to 5c.

Buckets, 8-quart; down from 10c to 4c.

Four-quart Covered Buckets; cut from 20c to 10c.

Half-sheet Graters; cut from 10c to 4c.

Two-quart Tin Cups, 5c; worth 10c.

Fancy Embossed Trays, worth 15c, go at 8c.

Japanned Dus Fans, large size, 75c.

Fancy Japanned Flour Cans, capacity 100 pounds; cut from \$1.25 to 85c.

Fancy Japanned Bread Boxes, worth 85c, for 50c.

DOLLS have to follow the procession to make room for Santa Claus' new stock.

China Dolls, from 5c to 75c.

Indestructible Wash Dolls, from 10c to \$2.50.

Blisque Dolls, with kid bodies, from 25c to \$5.

Blisque Dolls, Jointed, from 5c to \$12.50.

Wax Dolls from 10c to 50c.

TEMPORARY REMOVAL

TO
407-NORTH FOURTH ST.-407

JUST NORTH OF LOCUST STREET.

407 NORTH

407 NORTH



WM. F. CROW & CO.

Have Removed Temporarily from Fourth and Washington Av., to

407---NORTH FOURTH STREET---407
(NEAR LOCUST STREET.)

UNTIL DECEMBER, AND WILL THEN OCCUPY THEIR SPLENDID NEW STORES, NOS.

501, 503, 505 N. BROADWAY,
NORTHWEST CORNER ST. CHARLES STREET.

In the meantime, at our temporary location, we will offer the BEST VALUE IN IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS that can be had in the country. Our stock is unusually large for our present premises. We intend to reduce our stock before moving, so don't neglect the Golden Opportunity of buying.

FRESH FIRST-CLASS DRY GOODS AT VERY LOW PRICES AT THE OLD RELIABLE DRY GOODS HOUSE OF

CROW'S

UNTIL DECEMBER AT
407---NORTH FOURTH STREET---407
Near Locust Street.

POLITICAL.

JAMES E. WITHROW,
DANIEL D. FISHER,
JACOB KLEIN,
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES FOR
Judges of the Circuit Court.

JAMES A. SEDDON,
Democratic Candidate
FOR
Judge of the Circuit Court.

GEORGE A. CASTLEMAN,
REGULAR
Democratic Nominee for Congress,
Ninth Congressional District.
Election November 6, 1883.

VOTE FOR

Phil Rohan
FOR
SHERIFF

F.G. NIEDRINGHAUS
For Congress.
Eighth Congressional District.
Election—Tuesday, November 6, 1883.

A Boon to Nursing Mothers.

For Sale by all First-Class Grocers and Druggists.

A Pure Concentrated
Aids Digestion,
Liquid Extract
of Malt,
Recommend-

ed by
Eminent
Physicians.

For Sale by
All
Druggists.

Sound,
Refreshing
Sleep.

DRUGS.

DAVID NICHOLSON'S
LIQUID BREAD,

D. Crawford & Co., Broadway & Franklin Av.

FOR SALE

—OR—

FOR RENT

BUILDINGS

515-517 Market St.,

Formerly occupied by the

Post-Dispatch.

Counters & Fixtures

FOR SALE.

APPLY

513 Olive Street

POST-DISPATCH OFFICE.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The business of D. Crawford & Co.,

515-517 Market St.,

is to be dissolved on the 1st day of December, 1883.

The firm of D. Crawford & Co.,

515-517 Market St.,

will be succeeded by the firm of

H. H. & J. C. Clegg, 515-517 Market St.,

who will continue the business.

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EUROPE'S WARNING.

Emperor Alexander's Address to His Troops in the Crimea.

The Commotion Created by a Trio of American Adventurers in Wurtemburg.

England Awaiting the Announcement of Gladstone's Policy at Birmingham.

A Radical Programme Outlined Touching the Taxation of Land Values—Churchill's Silence Causing Comment—Salisbury Will Explain His Course in the Sackville Incident—England's Interest in the American Elections—Emperor Frederick's Diary—More Evidence of the Genuineness of the Published Extracts—Alarming Illness of John Bright—Empress Frederick's Visit to London—Canadian Officials on the Way to New York to Witness Tuesday's Contest—Foreign News.

Special Cablegram to the Post-Dispatch.

TELEGRAM NO. 2.—The Czar at Sebastianopol has quite naturally produced a very disquieting effect in Europe, especially as it has since transpired that his Majesty distributed, privately, a sketch or order of the day, at first to the higher offices present, and then to the minor officials, which has a very significant meaning. Translated from the Russian, the order is as follows:

"Thirty years or more ago the Black Sea fleet, while gaining a glorious victory, sacrificed itself for the good of Russia, and transferred its spirit to the mounds and hills of Sebastianopol. To-day the fleet has again distinguished itself in the highly-contested Fatherland. My will and thoughts are directed towards the peaceful development of the national welfare, but circumstances may render difficult the accomplishment of my wishes and compel me to take up arms for the defense and dignity of the State. You will stand by me in upholding the dignity with the same devotion and firmness that your predecessors displayed in the cause of the grand cause, and which struck their contemporaries with astonishment, who witnessed their brilliant deeds. I confide to you the safety, the honor and the tranquillity of Russia."

WHAT THE MANIFESTO MEANS.

There can be no mistaking the import of the manifesto in this delicate state of Eastern politics. It is a clear warning to Europe, especially to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and King Milan of Servia. There is now a rather uneasy feeling in Odessa. The Czar of Russia and in Sebastianopol in consequence of large commissioners and other preparations. "Do not be surprised," said a well-informed diplomat to-day, "if one of these days Russia ships her fleet to the Black Sea, or to the Caucasus or Tarsus or Burgas in the numerous boats of the Russian Steam Navigation Co., and who will stop her? She might not feel justified in waiting for the completion of the remainder of the new fleet, as some experts already pronounce it strong enough at present for a formidable undertaking."

It was foreseen in St. Petersburg that the Emperor's visit to the Crimea would be no ordinary one, as every kind of preparation was being made to give it a special interest, and according to the Czar's orders to make a political demonstration of the occasion. In all probability the note struck is the imperial order of the day and already taken up by the Moscow town authorities, will be followed by the Zemstvo municipalities, Slavonians and other bodies all over the empire, unless the necessary check is given in time to stop their warlike ardor. All this goes like a train of gunpowder, and soon it is uttered from the throng that an unusual number of loyal addresses reflecting the given keynote, ready to be sent to St. Petersburg. At such times there seems to be an inexhaustible supply of eloquence and activity only waiting for an opportunity of the kind to find a vent.

GERMANY WATCHING RUSSIA.

There is a great deal of report from Sebastianopol respecting the arrival of the Russian Black Sea fleet in Sebastopol, and an announcement that in the coming session the fleet will be asked to vote a sum of \$60,000,000 for building of nine or ten new iron-clads and a dozen iron-clad gunboats. To allay the fears that such an announcement would have on the public the statement is made that the programme aims not at the immediate future, but at a period, only a few years distant, when the greater part can join the Baltic and the Lower Rhine have been well composed. This work will make Germany fit for Germany to concentrate her whole strength at any time either in the North Sea or the Baltic. It is learned that orders have already been issued for the rapid construction of this large iron fleet without waiting for Parliament to vote the amount required, which it will undoubtedly do with very little criticism.

AMERICAN ADVENTURERS.

A Trio of Them Crossing Great Commissariat in a German Kingdom.

Special Cablegram to the Post-Dispatch.

ERIN, November 1.

The story of the weak-minded and dissolute Emperor and his two American physicians, which the secret police took away from the Post-Dispatch representative at Stuttgart yesterday when they expelled him from the city, is told below. It is a record of facts well known to the

unfortunate subjects of the King, whose money these Americans are spending. The treatment of your correspondent typifies the domineering of the King and his agents over the secret police and the press. The excitement at Stuttgart over the resignation of the Ministry is still at fever heat. Mittnacht and his colleagues remain obdurate and will not resume their duties until the two Americans are ordered to leave the country. The landing must in three weeks, when sharp measures will surely be taken.

Now Baron Savage Woodcock this week in the Hotel Splendide at Nice tried to get him out of his predicament. "I am no longer an American and consequently the American press has no right to meddle in my affairs," said the Baron testily. "I have long since taken out my first papers and will in a few more weeks be a full-fledged Wurtemburger. As to my success at the Stuttgart Court, dass geht Ihnen gar nicht."

Evidently the Baron is not going to give away the secret of how to prosper in court circles. Telling him that, that one as a wretched always an American, and that he would shortly discover that the American press took a keen interest in his history and welfare, the correspondent was soon on his way to Stuttgart.

THE KING AND HIS PARTIES.

The day preceding I had witnessed from afar one of the King of Wurtemburg's stax picnics on the violet fields of St. Jean. It was a strange sight, and added a historical point of view, which carried back to the days of the French Henri III, when he deserted himself in the forest about Mondon with his gallant companion Malencon to the neglect and detriment of the Malencons and Pompourets of his day.

The King is as weak a looking imbecile as I have ever seen in any insane asylum. He seems completely under the control of this strange American. The trio are always leaning on his arm, or holding the hand of one of the other. The wretched doctor is forced to live a gayety life, and their general bearing is anything but a friendly one towards each other. Baron Savage Woodcock is just at present decidedly the first favorite, and Jackson and Hendry look upon him with ill concealed jealousy. Jackson looks like a parson and dimly recalls in appearance Manager Hill. He is well on the shady side of 40 and seems neither a remarkable good nor a very bad man. A series of mysterious stamps of men often found behind the counter of large dry goods houses. The King calls him "Mein lieber Kanabe."

THE BRAINS OF THE COMBINATION.

Woodcock is the forcible man of the three, who, with such brazen effrontry, have calmly made their living, and high living it is, a charge to the not over-full Wurtemburg treasury. Considerably above the medium height, Woodcock wears a full black beard, and has caught something of the soldier's bearing from the gray-head Generals over whom he has lorded it these last five years. His eyes are piercing black, in deeply sunken sockets.

In Stuttgart I found the people afraid to speak about the matter. Even the whalers of President Mittnacht had called a council to prosecute, not only the paper which had first published the story, but the newswavers who had sold it. The whalers were a most abominable crew of people and instantly took their own. It was impossible to get any expression of opinion out of Stuttgart statesmen. "We are doing a great deal of thinking about the matter, but only a fool would open his mouth on the subject," said the boldest one I met. I then tried the cafes, where men were gathered together at beer tables conversing excitedly in low tones, but as I drew near I found that the weather had become the topic of this apparently interesting, exciting conversation.

A NATIVE TELLS THE STORY.

I was finally rewarded by meeting a man who knew the whole story. A member of the Landtag, who had been in America, had no hesitation in talking. "I will tell you all I know," said he. "I am ashamed that we should all seem so craven, but an American cannot understand how we in Wurtemburg are still under the Koniglich-pantofel. We are still under the Koniglich-pantofel. And you and I and all our friends are still under the Koniglich-pantofel. The King will have to ask for money. This will be refused, and the master will then come on the trap. Then he will be asked if the Americans will have to go. Of course this talk about spiritualism and magnetism is all nonsense. The influence which these men possess is that which bold, unscrupulous adventurers have often possessed over weak-minded monarchs, whose vicious nature I cannot bring myself to describe, because it is not the King's true nature, but the result of an age of dissipation and bad surroundings. Counting upon the money which the Landtag probably retains, it is evident that the King has had drawn up plans for a villa for the Americans on the Bodensee, also connected with his castle and summer residence by a covered way."

HOW THE INFLUENCE WAS GAINED.

Now to the history of this sad affair. One of these Americans, some ten years ago, was appointed extra clerk in the United States, editor of the *Neuste Nachrichten*, which paper first revealed the Americans' true colors. Frankel is decidedly worried. The last few days have been troublous ones and bounded by the official and reptile press looks forward to trial to the scaffold.

He is appointed his Gesellschafter, or companion, then Privy Councillor. Five years ago Jackson was still all powerful and Court Chamberlain Prellehr von Spontzemberg, companion of the King, from boyhood and a representative of one of our most respected families, resigned, and in a few weeks died of a broken heart. Since then, morally and physically, he has become a changed man and completely in the hands of the American who will be law. None of the Americans have since this change been near the Queen. One day she met him on the stairs. Jackson's stare was staccato. The Queen appointed him Gesellschafter, or companion; then Privy Councillor. Five years ago Jackson was still all powerful and Court Chamberlain Prellehr von Spontzemberg, companion of the King, from boyhood and a representative of one of our most respected families, resigned, and in a few weeks died of a broken heart. 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Fur Felt Hats..... 79c, 98c, \$1.12, \$1.38, \$1.48
Children's Tourists' Hats, double vizer..... 65c
Natural Wings..... 3c, 5c, 8c and 15c
Fancy Feathers, choicest effects..... 15c to \$10.50
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Our Styles Are Correct, Our Prices the Lowest.

AMERICAN GIRLS ABOARD

NY CRINKLE THINKS THEY ARE CATERED IN CLINTON STUART'S PLAY.

Says the Latter's Pathos is a West End Fog That His Humor Wears Hobnail Shoes and That His Heroines Lack Development—"Held By the Enemy" Commedied.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

EW YORK, November 3.—Mr. Gillette in his "Held by the Enemy," not only made a drama out of original material with a symmetry, a purpose and a human interest that stand as excellent models of stage work, but he proved in a most dramatical prelude that the themes of our war of secession can be handled successfully and dramatically, even at this early day.

It has been said, and so often that it would sound tiresome to repeat the remark, that it is not the theme, but the treatment of it that determines excellence; and here we have a good and enduring example of it.

Mr. Clinton Stuart's "The Fatal Letter," and Miss Beaufort in "Belle Lamar," tried their best to make the play a pervading influence.

Canadian Officials on the Way to New York—Their Errand.

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

OTTAWA, Ontario, November 8.—ONSIDERABLE excitement is caused here in political circles by the announcement in the *Times*, Government organ, this morning that three members of the Dominion Cabinet, Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice; Sir Adolph Caron, Minister of Militia, and Hon. George Foster, Minister of Finance had left for New York last evening to witness, it is alleged, the presidential election. The statement of the *Times* is full of significance. With the exception of Coasting Commissioners of Island Revenue, the Irish Catholic representatives in the Ministry are known to be sympathetic with the Republican party, the true friends of England and Canada, and it is reported here to-day that an assurance has been given that if Harrison is elected a shrewd treacherous will be arranged with Great Britain by which all friction between the two countries will be removed. The Government press throughout the country are most severe in denouncing Cleveland as the enemy of all that is British, and is hoping that Harrison will be returned. The *Press* here calls him a traitor, and the Americans who are now in New York to attend the meeting of their official duties at Ottawa to witness, as the *Times* puts it, "the presidential election." It is not believed, however, that their presence in New York can have any material effect on the result, although the principle is condemned.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC.

The meeting of the legislature on the 8th of November is looked forward to with great interest. It is called to meet to consider the Canadian Pacific Railway difficulty. Unless circumstances change in the meantime strong retaliatory measures may be looked for. The Government is determined to pay the railway back in its own coin, and in no other way could they make themselves more popular. The lands of the railway in the provinces are exempt from taxation. The exemption will probably be withdrawn. The Legislature has this important decision of the Imperial Privy Council. There is almost no limit to the vexatious interference which the Province can make of. It has been suggested, for instance, that it travel on the Canadian Pacific Railway could be brought to a standstill by the enactment of a sanitary law requiring every passenger entering the country by that line to be vaccinated. These are the only matters talked. The Legislature may do something quite different.

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EVERY MISCREANT WHO ASSUMES A TITLE.

It must be the present fashion to write of American girls in Europe as though we would write of Connecticut decent young men who come to New York to buy their fall goods and spend their winter in the dives; but such writing looks to be.

Mr. Clinton Stuart made the mistake of laboring his play with Mrs. Grundy.

This is saying a great deal for a play that is wholly American in tissue and texture.

But it shows what can be done with our familiar themes when man with the resolution and the aptitude gets hold of them.

It would be going perhaps too far to say that Mr. Stuart has not the aptitude, but the indications are that he has not the resolution. His play.

"BEAUTY ABROAD."

betrays the lack of nerve and the lack of conviction of one who has studied life from behind the curtain of my lady's window.

It is effeminate in conception and in action. Everybody is afraid of doing anything human because it is not "lady-like." The man is conventional automaton with a mission to draw well and behave impeccably. The woman is prudish and贞洁.

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PUBLISHED BY
THE DISPATCH PUBLISHING CO.,
JOSEPH POLITIERS, President.

(Entered at the Post-Office at St. Louis, Mo., as second-class mail matter.)

TIME OF THE DAILY.

One year, postage paid, every afternoon and Sunday morning..... \$15.00
Six months..... \$8.00
Three months..... \$4.00
One month..... \$2.00
Sunday Edition, by mail, per year..... \$2.00
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One year, postage paid..... \$1.00
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All business or news letters or telegrams should be addressedPOST-DISPATCH,
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TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1888.

The indications for to-day for Missouri are fair weather, followed by light rains to-night; warmer, except in northeast portions, slightly cooler; southerly winds becoming variable.

CONTENTS OF TO-DAY'S PAPER.

AN EMPEROR'S WARNING.
The American Adventures in Wurtemburg.WAITING FOR GLADSTONE
The Monster Democratic Parade in New York.ST. LOUIS REPUBLICANS.
An Engineer's Horrible Death.

THE COMING HEAVY-WEIGHT.

Well-Known St. Louisans Guess on the Election.

"CRESSY."

Health for November, by Dr. Hammond.

OUR PUBLIC STATUTES.

Kansas City, the Flirt's Paradise.

MORE DEBUTANTES.

PAGE 1—GENERAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

PAGE 2—FOREIGN NEWS.—The British Emperor's Manifesto.—The American Adventures at Wurtemburg.—Sackville's Instructions From His Government.—Other Headings.—Matters—States—Business Affairs in Europe.—Locomotive News for a Father in Trenton, Ill.—Other Matters.

PAGE 3—FOREIGN NEWS.—Canadians Watching Our Election.—American Girls Abroad.—Protesting the Treatment of Negroes.—The First Congressional Fair a Success.—Women's Wife—Northwestern What—Other General Matters.

PAGE 4—EDITORIALS.—Answers to Correspondence—Old Sackville's Instructions From His Government.—Other Headings.—Matters—States—Business Affairs in Europe.—Locomotive News for a Father in Trenton, Ill.—Other Matters.

PAGE 5—THE NEW ORLEANS Train Robbers—Other Criminal News—Matters in the Courts—Business Troubles—Ivy City Races—Weather Report—Death Notices.

PAGE 6—GRAND DEMOCRATIC Demonstration in New York—The Outlook—Indiana—General Politics—Illinois Politics—Other Matters.

PAGE 7—GENERAL POLITICS—Missouri Politics—Illinois Politics—Other Matters.

PAGE 8—CHOTAWA EXCUSED.—A Suspension Bridge, N. Y.—Eloquence.—An Engineer on the Michigan Central Meets a Horrible Death—Other Casualties—Railroad News—Religious News.

PAGE 9—OUR CHRISTMAS Tree—Chicago Has a Large Christmas Tree—New Note—The Counties—Fair Association—Fair Association.

PAGE 10—THE REPUBLICANS Have a Grand Rally of Music Hall.

PAGE 11—THE GERMAN DEMOCRATS—F. G. Miesbrough's Platform—Other Local Politics—The Seven Presidential Candidates and Their Platforms—The Ballot in the River at Memphis—Loyal Legion Ballot.

PAGE 12 and 13—WANT ADVERTISEMENTS.

PAGE 14—REAL ESTATE Advertisements—Real Property News—Gotham's—Swell Shots—Some Local Matters.

PAGE 15—TRADE AND SPECULATION—Stocks and Money—Other Markets and Financial News—W. C. T. U.—Meeting—News From the Mines.

PAGE 16—SPORTING NEWS—Anniversary of the Order of Harriers—Ferman at Belleville.

PAGE 17—"CRESSY" BY BRETT HARTE. Chapters 1 and 2.

PAGE 18—"CRESSY" Continued—Dramatic News, Local and General—France's Lost Dauphin.

PAGE 19—HOW THE ELECTION Will Go—The Guesses of Well Known St. Louisans—For the Record—Death.

PAGE 20—MORE DEBUTANTES—Quill and Woodcock—Bill Nye's New Scheme.

PAGE 21—THE STATURES and Height Measurements in St. Louis.

PAGE 22—NEW BOOKS and Magazines—Some Queer Articles of Food—How Henry Clay Received His Defeat.

PAGE 23—FLIGHT IN Kansas City—Women's Curiosity—A Mexican Woman's Fortune—The Mystery Society Group.

PAGE 24—THE SECRET SOCIETIES—Sports—Sports Exposed.

KICK the Koester's Hotel gang.

REBELLION against bossism is loyalty to Democracy.

ONLY two days until party tricksters will be taught that honest voters can't be bought.

The Democratic party cannot afford to have hoodlums made and boss-ridden candidates elected.

The fight of PALMER in Illinois is by all odds the most gallant fight made any where during the present campaign.

AMONG the candidates who deserve honorable mention is the author of the school bill. Do not forget him.

That pap-nourished party organ, the New York Star, brought \$700 at public auction, but the editor of the Waste Basket cannot give away his moribund sheet.

HUGH J. BRADY is likely to learn, next Tuesday, that the political backing of a man with a one-cent reputation is not much of a recommendation to Democratic voters.

The polls in New York close at 4 o'clock on election day. This is 3 o'clock St. Louis time and indicates that the St. Louis Post-Dispatch will be the first newspaper in the country to announce the result.

The election of O'NEILL, CLARDY and CASTLEMAN would mean three votes for tariff reform, but thanks to Democratic mismanagement, Democracy will be lucky if it carries two candidates out of the three.

MASTER WORKMAN POWDERLY has properly warned the Knights of Labor that all utterances credited to him favoring the election of any presidential candidate are bogus. This shuts off a wide field of operations from MATT QUAY and his gang of Republican forgers.

If Messrs. FRANCIS and MAFFITT had taken a calm view of their surroundings when they were so busy working the machine and setting up nominees for Democrats to support they might have avoided the situation that is now upon them. But it is too late now to squelch.

The new voters number 31,000 and how they will vote no man knows. But they will settle for a long time the question whether St. Louis is a Republican or Democratic city.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

The country is to be congratulated on the fact that we are about to poll in the pending presidential election the fullest as well as by far the largest vote ever cast on a similar occasion. Such interest in a contest turning on economic questions speaks well for the intelligence and patriotism of the people. But there is rather too much of a kind of party feeling in it which will keep millions of men on both sides in a state of feverish suspense and anxiety for some days to come.

Republicans whose absurd predictions and forebodings were so signally refuted after their defeat four years ago are taking as gloomy a view of the consequences of Democratic success now as they did then. Democrats who have seen their tickets beaten so often without understanding their worst fears of the consequences, are still foolish enough to harbor such fears.

It is in order to remind all such heated partisans that this country has prospered wonderfully under both parties, in spite of both parties' blunders. Whenever the defeated party has bowed loyally to the fat of the people, it has found that the people have never made a fatal mistake, and that in the way of consequences it was generally the unexpected that happened. The worst effects of bad policies at Washington are but trifles compared to the ill which either party can cure and neither party would willingly cause.

The masses of both parties, no matter how they differ as to means, have the general welfare as their sole end, and are in the same boat so far as concerns their interests in the result. Both sides can afford to bow calmly and hopefully to the will of the majority. Let both remember in the heat of conflict that neither can wield absolute power; that neither is ever wholly out of power in this country; that each is a constantly operative check upon the other, and that through all these windy contests both are together working out results better probably than either alone could produce.

THE SITUATION IN ST. LOUIS.

It has been shown by returns filed in accordance with the New York's primary election law that not 10 percent of the voters of either party participate in the nomination of a party ticket in New York City or even in the choosing of delegates to the conventions that make the nominations. The latter are the products of the party machines, whether they were the badge of Tammany, of the County Democracy or of the Republican organization. The result always is the nomination of some good and popular men to pull through the bad and unpopular ones who are nominated to carry out the schemes of the bidders.

Our laws jealously guard the freedom of the ballot, but permit the voter's choice to be practically limited to nominations emanating from machines controlled and operated by small organized bands of professional politicians. The whole purpose of election is thus perverted and the people deprived of their full right of self-government. The full extent of their humiliation is exemplified and the situation vividly portrayed in this city when a small room full of bosses meet in secret at a hotel in advance of any Democratic primaries or convention and dictate the city docket which Democrats must support, or accept Republican officials.

THEIR SUBSCRIBERS.—1. Massachusetts and the "Times" have joined together. 2. Chicago is known to the Garden City. 3. The Rubbins building the Brooklyn suspension bridge.

CONSTANT READER.—A member of the lower class at Washington, commonly called a Congressman, is elected for two years.

VICTOR STREET READER.—James G. Blaine was baptized in the Roman Catholic Church. Now he is not a regular member of any church.

SAM S.—The third finger of the right hand is the engagement ring finger in this country, that is the third finger of the left hand the wed-ding finger.

EMPLOYEE OF J. S. & Co.—The vote is King's County, N. Y., in 1884 was as follows:

JAMES S.—The third finger of the right hand is the engagement ring finger in this country, that is the third finger of the left hand the wed-ding finger.

CONSTANT READER.—Miss May Newman has been on the stage several years and is aged now.

CONSTANT READER.—Miss May Newman is the daughter of Mrs. Kennedy who is her husband, and she has a child.

SUBSCRIBER, Trenor, Ill.—There are a thousand "Cockroach Destroyers," but the only one that none of them destroy.

C. M.—If you will consult the works on coins at the Public Library you may get the information you want.

SUBSCRIBER.—A member of the lower class at Washington, commonly called a Congressman, is elected for two years.

THE POLITICAL SIDE OF IT.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch has been doing its best with regard to the Murchison-Sackville correspondence: "A large square campaign circular, printed in red ink, and the salutation 'To the British People' is sent to the English." It is the first time that the Post-Dispatch has ever done anything like that.

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PATRONIZE THE DELICATESSEN.

CITY NEWS.

Santa Claus
Is going to make headquarters at Crawford's this year, as always, and has ordered the second-floor to be cleared for him. All goods on second-floor to be sold off this week as away-down prices.

Dr. E. G. Chase,
Corner of 9th & Olive streets. Set of teeth, \$2.

PRIVATE masters skillfully treated and medicines furnished. Dr. Dinsmore, 51 Pine st.

Dr. WHITTER, 617 S. Charles, cure diseases of indiscretion, indulgence. Call or write.

AN ERRING BISHOP.

He Dies While Traveling in Europe With His Mistress.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., November 2.—Ever since the death in France, a month ago, of Bishop D. D. Patterson of the little set known as "The Children of Zion," scandalous stories have been afoot regarding his relations to Mary Hawley, a woman of his flock, who was designated as "The Handmaid of Christ." When the Bishop, who was married and had a family, left about two years ago, he joined him in New York and accompanied him in his European travels until his death.

Child Spokesman of this city visited the Bishop in Scotland and became acquainted with the facts and deposited them with the Bishop's death in the Bishop's life. Since the Bishop's death the story has been spreading, and at last the church leaders have been compelled to admit it. They are now seriously considering the subject, an address has been issued to the public, signed by Bishop John Batterson, Bishop of Boston, and the dead Bishop, "David Spence and Co. E. Revell," saying they had felt compelled to do so. The Bishop's friends could not believe the rumors of wrong until they had complete evidence that evil existed.

The Bishop's secret is now clear themselves and with the public to know they uphold no such thing. "The Children of Zion" will be open to the public, and the mysterious secret rites established by the Bishop will be abolished.

The Talk of the Town.

Humphrey's fine tailoring to order.

CHOCTAWS EXCITED.

Chief Smallwood's Veto of the Bill Disfranchising Criminals.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., November 3.—Advice from the Indian Territory say that considerable excitement has been created in the Choctaw Nation by the action of Chief B. F. Smallwood in vetoing the bill passed by both houses of the Choctaw Legislature, disfranchising persons convicted of criminal offenses.

Following is the message:

That it shall not be lawful for any person convicted of a criminal offense in the Choctaw Nation, or the United States Court having jurisdiction over the same, to be tried for manslaughter, to hold office or allow his oath or vote to be taken; or will be allowed to serve as a member of the Legislature.

Furthermore it shall be the duty of the clerks of each Circuit Court to furnish a correct list of all persons convicted of criminal offenses, at each term of their respective courts, to the clerks of the other Circuit Courts, to be kept in force for inspection by the purpose and for public inspection.

The Senate passed the bill on the chief's veto, and the House on the House's master, two-thirds majority against it.

Chief Smallwood held that the Choctaw Constitution of 1875 gave the Choctaw men, 16 years old and residing six months in the Nation, was entitled to vote, and that the Legislature had no constitutional power to prevent this exercise of privilege.

LADIES' GOLD WATCHES,

Fines Qualities—Lowest Prices.
MERRIMAC & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.,
Corner Broadway and Locust.

Come and see what we offer you.

LEAVE HIS FAMILY THREE CENTS,

And Eloped With a Pretty and Stylish Miss Smith.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch.

BUFFALO, N. Y., November 3.—Percy Southern, a gay young married man of Suspension Bridge, has deserted his family and eloped with Ida Smith, a pretty and stylish woman of 19. He was a clerk in the West Shore Railroad office, and earned \$60 a month. Until lately he was attentive to his family. Ida Smith became acquainted with the Southerns accidentally. Mrs. Southern to go shopping with her daughter, and while she was absent, when she bought considerable new clothing. The same night Percy marched off to Canada. Ida Smith, however, found his apparel, his month's pay and letters addressed to Western railroad officials. She was greatly distressed, and when she learned that he gave his 6-year-old boy, it is believed that the guilty couple went to East St. Louis, where Southern expected to work for a railroad.

ST. LOUIS CITY OF MEXICO,

Via Iron Mountain Route
And Mexican National Railway.
Through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars,
With Only One Change.

Shortest and Quickest Line.

Ticket Office 108 North Fourth street and Union Depot.

News in the North End.

A. J. Hannon, residing at 4027 Ashland avenue, stepped into a saloon at St. Louis and Kansas City on business about 10 o'clock last night. He laid his overcoat and a couple of newspapers down on the bar, and then he had disappeared. He inquired the police to assist him in finding him. At St. Louis and Baden united in a grand rally last night at 740 North Broadway. The speakers were F. G. Hinman, Wm. J. Masterson, John Finnigan, Theodore O'Groar and the colored orator, Mr. Martin. Among the clubs present were the Masonic Republican Club, the Knights of Columbus Club, the Niedergaus and Log Cabin clubs of Elkhorn Woods and the Sixth Ward Club.

The annual bus of the Independent German Protestant Church, Third Street and Tyler street, was held last night at Social Hall, Tyler Hall. Rev. J. T. Jones is pastor of the church and the committee of arrangements for the meeting was headed by Mr. John Finnigan. The music and dancing were the chief exercises. The proceeds of the event are intended for the benefit of the poor. The congregation has been in existence for twenty-five years and has been giving a ball each year.

On the Scoop.

The wonderful \$5.00 Gent and Youths' Bulle at Famous, worth \$15.

Over-Study Killed Him.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., November 3.—One of Macomb's best students, George Beale, son of George Beale, died at his father's residence this morning. His posthumous gave away from over-study last spring, when he had a few weeks he would have received his diploma from the University of Michigan. He had a large circle of friends.

\$50,000 MANUFACTURERS' consignment sale of suits and overcoats this week at the GLOUCE, 705 to 715 Franklin st.

MET A HORRIBLE DEATH.
ENGINEER BITTNER KILLED IN A COLLISION ON THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

He Was Impaled in His Cab and Scolled to Death—Brenton Italian Railroad Hands Refused to Aid in Extracting Him—Several Others Injured—Fatal Elevator Accident—Other Casualties.

By Telegraph to the Post-Dispatch.

Detroit, Mich., November 2.—There was a collision on the Michigan Central Railroad at Air Line Junction, near Toledo, O., at 6 o'clock this morning. A yard locomotive, No. 10, and passenger train, Both engines and the front end of the baggage car were wrecked and the following persons injured: George Ritter, engineer of the yard engine, head cut with glass and brightly scalped; Charles Madison, brakeman, leg broken and fatally injured, died this afternoon; James Srothner, severe bruises; Robert Jacob Schmid, two ribs broken and otherwise bruised.

John F. Riday, General Manager of the Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter of New York, was a passenger on the train and later came to Detroit. He says that immediately after the accident, when the engineer of the yard locomotive, George Ritter, was in the cab, with his leg pinned between the fire-box and the seat, the steam parboiling him, a train load of ice came along and bore directly upon him, helping liberate the imprisoned man, because it was not yet 7 o'clock, the hour of their going to work. The passengers got the engineer out, after half an hour's hard work.

The accident happened through the crew on the yard engine forgetting that the Michigan Central express had gone by that time. They were trying to make a switch lower down. It was a clear case of criminal negligence and malice. There was no excuse for the thing. It might have been worse than it was."

The Hoisting Rope Broke.

BALTIMORE, Md., November 3.—Four men employed in the factory of the Henderson Soles Manufacturing Co. on East Pratt street were ascending in a small freight elevator to the fourth floor this morning when the wire rope which sustained it gave way, the elevator fell six feet, cutting the ground below, a distance of fifty feet. The employees in the building rushed to the scene and found the men hanging from the ropes which had broken, a distance of twenty-five feet from the building on the outside. It was soon discovered that, although the rescuers were serious, they were not in imminent danger of death.

Two of the men were unconscious and bleeding from the head, and face cut and wrist sprained. One man had his right arm broken, and face cut and wrist sprained. Another man, William A. Falk, aged 22 years, left leg broken, hand and face cut and left wrist sprained. Arthur Chenoweth, 18 years of age, left thigh broken and face cut by broken glass.

A Ton of Steel Fell On Them.

CARDO, Ill., November 3.—A boy, 10 years old, was a brakeman on a train when the wire rope of the steel bridge he was crossing snapped, causing him to fall to the ground.

A Fireman's Fatal Fall.

CHICAGO, November 3.—Fireman Frank Scribner fell four stories through a skylight at a fire early this morning and sustained injuries from which he will die. The accident occurred during a fire at 120 Franklin street at 3:30 o'clock this morning.

A Fireman's Fall.

CHICAGO, November 3.—Fireman Frank Scribner fell four stories through a skylight at a fire early this morning and sustained injuries from which he will die. The accident occurred during a fire at 120 Franklin street at 3:30 o'clock this morning.

Lost in the Lake.

CHEROKEE, Mich., November 3.—A sailor named Johnson was lost overboard from the schooner McLaren Thursday afternoon at Point Betay during a stiff breeze. He was stowing the main topail when he slipped and fell. His body was not recovered.

The Gasoline Pipe Exploded.

CHICAGO, November 3.—A 17-year-old girl working for Mr. E. B. Linn, hardware dealer, exploded a gasoline pipe.

Killed While Coupling Cars.

CHICAGO, November 3.—A boy, 10 years old, was a brakeman on a train when the wire rope of the steel bridge he was crossing snapped, causing him to fall to the ground.

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Fell Under a Moving Train.

CHICAGO, November 3.—The west-bound freight ran into a rock train at Bigbee this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and the caboose and four cars of the latter were completely demolished. While the wreck was being cleared away a second train ran into the rock train and was derailed. The engine was derailed.

Caused by misunderstanding of the flagman of the rock train about signals.

Collided With a Rock Train.

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Caused by misunderstanding of the flagman of the rock train about signals.

A Child Burned to Death.

CHICAGO, November 3.—A 10-year-old girl, the same name as the deceased, was severely burned to death by falling accidentally into a fire that was burning in her yard. He was totally enveloped in flames for a minute, and died after fearful suffering.

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Caused by misunderstanding of the flagman of the rock train about signals.

A Child Burned to Death.

CHICAGO, November 3.—News has just been received from Centerville, Ark., of the fatal burning of Alma, the 8-year-old daughter of Col. J. W. Freeman. The girl was popping corn when her clothes caught fire. She was in the kitchen, and when she saw the flames, she ran to the door, where she was in an adjacent field, could reach her mother, who was burned to a crisp. She died three hours later.

Thrown From a Horse.

CHICAGO, November 3.—A boy, 10 years old, was a brakeman on a train when the wire rope of the steel bridge he was crossing snapped, causing him to fall to the ground.

Fooled With a Pistol and Died.

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Hurt by a Runaway Horse.

CHICAGO, November 3.—A boy, 10 years old, was a brakeman on a train when the wire rope of the steel bridge he was crossing snapped, causing him to fall to the ground.

Caused by misunderstanding of the flagman of the rock train about signals.

An Inexperienced Engineer to Blame.

CHICAGO, November 3.—The Coroner's jury in the case of the five men killed by the explosion of a boiler at a machine shop on the farm of Ed. S. Spady, near this place, rendered their verdict this afternoon and condemned the practice of putting inexperienced men in charge of steam boilers.

Cars Telescoped.

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THE POST-DISPATCH-PAGES 9 TO 16.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, 1888.

DEAR OLD SANTA CLAUS.

**He Will Smile This Year
on the Children of
the Poor.**

The "Post-Dispatch's" Christ-
mas-Tree Fund Is Fairly
Booming.

Dimes and Nickels and Quarters and Dollars
Rolling In—Hundreds of Little Collectors
at Work All Over the City—Growth of Inter-
est in the Charity—Congressman John
J. O'Neill Contributes \$5 to the Fund—
The Letters of the Youthful Donors—All
Are Happy to Help the Poor—The Fund
Now Amounts to \$133,30.

HOLIDAY DAY will be the longest, brightest day in many a poor child's life. There are thousands of little ones in St. Louis who have seen the sun rise and set on that day the same as on other days—one, two, three, four, yes, a dozen times—without a single tinge of gladness about the heart. To them the days of the year are as dear to you—warm, happy, sunbeam of comfortable homes—brought nothing. They had heard of Santa Claus, but somehow his reindeer had never tinkled bells upon their roofs, the jolly saint had never risked his furs in the small, sooty fires of their homes. Yes, they had heard of him rattling over the house-tops across the way. Then the sun had come on Christmas day and it had gone down again, leaving their hands as empty as their lives.

The Post-Dispatch children have heard of these fortunes, the poor who have no one to tell Kris Kringle where to find them, and—they not the poor girls and boys, but the well-fed, well-clad, fortunate brood—intend to show how thankful they are for the blessings that have fallen upon them. They intend to put their gratitude into acts. They intend to send their pennies to aid the poor. They intend to give them their tree. I hope you all get enough to give them all something nice and good. We are five little sisters and we can't give much, and mamma says that 5 cents apiece will help, but I have 10 cents. I will give it and won't be laugh and clap his hands—Kris Kringle—when he hears what his grateful little ones have done. Won't he crack his whip over the reindeer and make them dance. And then he will come with a load of warm clothing, of shoes and books and toys, and everything to make children's eyes dance with delight and children's hearts overflow with joy.

Ever since the suggestion was made in these columns to have contributions to be sent to provide a tree for the poor, to be erected in Music Hall, the nickels have been rolling in and the fund is rapidly growing. Letters of encouragement come with the contributions from children and from parents. Congressman John J. O'Neill, who has little ones at home and knows the longings of children at Christmas time for toys and sleds and skates, etc., contributed \$5 to the fund yesterday. The good work is going on as follows:

A Little Girl's Quarter.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I am a boy 4 years old, and if old Santa Claus would forget me I would cry. My three big sisters gave some money to you for the poor little children. I will give 10 cents out of my bank. I am 179 South Second street.

A Nice Idea.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I enclose 25 cents for the Christmas tree fund. I think it is a very nice idea, and will try to get some more for it. I am 10 years old. P. S.—My sisters will each send 10 cents. I think.

Hope It Will Be a Grand Success.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
My aunt read to me in the paper about the Post-Dispatch Christmas tree, and I will send 20 cents to help it. I hope there will be plenty of pretty things on the tree. I don't see how such a good thought could have come from the Post-Dispatch's head. And, I hope it will be a grand success. Your little friend, LILLIE HERZOG.

A Dixon Street subscription.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I saw in the paper your collection for the poor children's Christmas tree, and I will send 20 cents. NELLIE FRANCIS, 214 Dixon street.

Happy Christmas.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I think it is very kind of you to make the poor little children happy with a Christmas tree. We have one every Christmas, so I know how that pleasure it will be to them. I send 25 cents of my own to help it along. LEONE M. ROSENBAUM, 208 Chestnut street.

Arthur is Enthusiastic.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
The Post-Dispatch is a daisy. It has a great head. I am 8 years old, and send you 25 cents out of my bank for that grand Christmas tree. ARTHUR K. ROSENBAUM.

She is Only Three.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
Enclosed please find 25 cents. I am only a little girl of 3 years and expect to have a Christmas tree at my house next winter. I would like to give one too. ETTA MAY NONISH.

Little Harry Gives.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I send you 25 cents for the Christmas tree for the poor little children. I am so glad to be one to give something to make other children happy. LITTLE HARRY.

Here's the Right Sort.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
My name is Clara Coffey. I am 7 years old and I got 5 cents from each of my five brothers and 5 cents from my sister Maggie, and 10 cents from my playmate Ella Far, a present from my mother. We all join wishing the poor children a happy Christmas and we hope God will help and comfort the poor children. CLARA COFFEY, 178 Franklin avenue.

He Asks His Pa.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
My mamma told me about that Christmas tree you are going to have at the Music Hall for the poor children of St. Louis. I asked my papa to give me some money to give to the

poor. I would like to see the poor children enjoy it and the nice Christmas tree they are going to have. Yours truly, WILLIAM CRUEWELL, 214 South Leffingwell avenue.

Little Laura's Contribution.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
Please find enclosed 25 cents towards the Christmas Tree for the poor children of St. Louis. I will collect all that I can toward the tree. You have a collection box. I am 12 years old. Respectfully, LAURA LEIGH, 2886 Olive street.

His Little Mite.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
Mamma read to me that you are going to have a Christmas tree for the poor children. I am a little boy, 11 years of age, and want to send my little mite of 10 cents, and I hope that God may bless the good work. Your little friend, ALBERT JOHNSON, 1929 Morgan street.

She's Little, But Her Dime Counts.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I am little, but I can give 10 cents to help the poor little girls and boys. Those who will all gets present. BIRDEY HAYENS, BENSON.

The "Post-Dispatch's" Christ-
mas-Tree Fund Is Fairly
Booming.

Dimes and Nickels and Quarters and Dollars
Rolling In—Hundreds of Little Collectors
at Work All Over the City—Growth of Inter-
est in the Charity—Congressman John
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The Letters of the Youthful Donors—All
Are Happy to Help the Poor—The Fund
Now Amounts to \$133,30.

No. 9 North Tenth street.

For Mamma.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
My little boys have a penny every Saturday to put in their banks. They have only been saving them since September. They are anxious to send some to the boys and girls who do not have any "Santa Claus." Enclosed please find fifteen pennies. HENRY J. YATES, JR., 1820 Franklin avenue.

Will Try and Earn More.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I will give 10 cents for the Christmas tree. I wish I could send a dollar, but will try and earn some more before Christmas. I am 9 years old and have no pa. CHARLIE E. STOCKER,

Only 10 Months Old.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I am a little girl 10 months old and I send you 10 cents for the Christmas tree. I was going to ask my uncle Jim to throw in with me, but we don't speak. He wants me to speak first. He is 14 years old. ANNIE IRINE GALLAGHER, 1426 Morgan street.

Five Little Sisters.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I am glad the Post-Dispatch has thought of poor little girls. I hope you all get enough to give them all something nice and good. We are five little sisters and we can't give much and mamma says that 5 cents apiece will help, but I have 10 cents. I will give it and won't be laugh and clap his hands—Kris Kringle—when he hears what his grateful little ones have done. Won't he crack his whip over the reindeer and make them dance. And then he will come with a load of warm clothing, of shoes and books and toys, and everything to make children's eyes dance with delight and children's hearts overflow with joy.

Glad She Can Give.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I am a little girl 9 years old, mamma said I can do what I please with my money I am saving up for Christmas. I am glad I can give 25 cents for the Christmas tree. PEAL DYER, 312 Adams street.

Out of Bis Bank.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I am a boy 4 years old, and if old Santa Claus would forget me I would cry. My three big sisters gave some money to you for the poor little children. I will give 10 cents out of my bank. MASTER LLOYD DYER,

Knows How She Would Feel.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I read in the Post-Dispatch this evening that you are going to have a Christmas tree for little poor children of St. Louis. I have had a plenty at Christmas times, and I know how I would feel if I were like some poor little children that get nothing, and will only give 25 cents to help make things better for them. DAISY DYER.

West Adams street.

Want to Do What She Can.
To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I read the article in the Post-Dispatch about the Christmas tree. I am glad to do all I can for the poor children and will give 25 cents for the good cause. LEONIE M. ROSENBAUM,

West Adams street.

Enclosed please find 25 cents.

Two of Lexington's City Officials Verging on Impeachment.

By Telegraph to the Post-Dispatch:
I am only a little girl of 3 years and expect to have a Christmas tree in a whirr of excitement over a session spring by the Evening Leader this afternoon. That paper charges the City Auditor and City Surveyor with having drawn double salaries for the months of August and September. There is talk of impeachment, and what the officers mentioned are Democrats, the Auditor being the brother of the Mayor.

Great Consignment Sale at the Globe.

At the Post-Dispatch:

Having read the article in last night's Post-Dispatch in regard to the Christmas tree for the poor children of St. Louis, I asked my papa to give me some money to give to the

poor. I am 12 years old this month. Yours truly, ELLA SCHURMANN.

CLIFFORD TREWDAY.

Her's the Right Sort.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
My name is Clara Coffey. I am 7 years old and I got 5 cents from each of my five brothers and 5 cents from my sister Maggie, and 10 cents from my playmate Ella Far, a present from my mother. We all join wishing the poor children a happy Christmas and we hope God will help and comfort the poor children. CLARA COFFEY, 178 Franklin avenue.

He Asks His Pa.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
My mamma told me about that Christmas tree you are going to have at the Music Hall for the poor children of St. Louis. I asked my papa to give me some money to give to the

poor. I would like to see the poor children enjoy it and the nice Christmas tree they are going to have. Yours truly, WILLIAM CRUEWELL, 214 South Leffingwell avenue.

MARY AND JAMES MCKERNAN,

1018 North Eighteenth street.

A Little Collector.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I have no school to-day so I went around collecting money for the Christmas tree. I will send the money Monday. I get money from people like myself, but the rich people say they haven't any. I am 10 years old. LULU SMITH.

Saved His Car-Fare.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
Inclosed find 10 cents I saved, instead of using it for car-fare. I will try and do more. EUGENE JUNGEN.

Baby Thyrn's Dime.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
Inclosed find 10 cents for the poor children's Christmas tree. THYRN SAMMER,

3½ years old.

Asked Her Sister's Sweetheart for It.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
My sister read to me that you are going to have a Christmas tree for the poor children of this city. I am a little girl just six years old. I made up my mind to ask my sister's sweetheart for 25 cents. I inclose the same hoping it will make some poor soul happy. I sincerely trust it will prove a great success yours truly, DAISY WARD,

817 South Chestnut street.

Wishes a Big Success.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
Enclosed please find 5 cents for the Christmas tree donations, which I hope will be a big success. MINNIE PISTER.

Brief But to the Point.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:
I give 25 cents to you for the Christmas tree. CLARKSON.

The Christmas Tree Fund.

The following subscriptions to the grand Christmas tree for the poor children at Music Hall on December 24 have been received:

POST-DISPATCH subscription.....\$100.00

Hon. John J. O'Neill.....5.00

Telene Austin.....1.00

Lulu Herzog.....1.00

Clifford Trewway.....1.00

Eliza Schurmann.....1.00

Albert Johnson.....1.00

Ella May Smith.....1.00

Maggie Coffey.....1.00

Franklin and five brothers.....1.00

Clara May Smith.....1.00

Jean.....1.00

Charlie.....1.00

Charlie E. Stocker.....1.00

Irene and Bertha.....1.00

Birdie Sullivan and her sisters.....1.00

Trade mark

H&C

TRADE MARK

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REPUBLICANS RALLY

Monster Demonstrations at Music Hall and Lucas Square.

The Uniformed Clubs of the City Turn Out in Full Force.

Local Republicans Capture the City for One Night and Have a Great Amount of Fun in It-Speakers and Speeches at Music Hall and on the Stands in the Square—Description of the Parade—Local Politics News and Gossip.

HE Republicans had an enthusiastic rally last night, when mass-meetings were held simultaneously at two points on Lucas Market Square and in the large hall in the center of the business district. Four thousand persons from different parts of the city towards Lucas Market Square brought enthusiastic crowds towards that point. Stake wagons were drawn up at three points in the square, making ample provision for the instruction and entertainment of Republicans who failed to gain admission to Music Hall, where the main meeting was in progress. It was Republican night in St. Louis. The Club of Twenty-fourth Ward was several points. The demonstration was more extensive and enthusiastic than even the sanguine projectors anticipated.

THE PARADE.

Thousands of Republicans in Line With Torches—Outdoor Speaking.

The rally on Lucas Market Square at Twelfth street last night brought out about every Republican in the city who was not in Music Hall. The square from Washington avenue to Market street was one surging mass of humanity and torches, which gave the scene an animated appearance. The clubs did not begin to arrive until about 9 o'clock. The

two or three colored Republican clubs with bands and torches marched up the Irish-American Republican League under the leadership of the Rev. J. J. Conroy.

E. E. Almond, shortly after the appearance of the first three clubs marching bands poured in from all sides, every street intersecting the square contributing its share of clubs and men with torches and transparencies. Then a continuous march around the square commenced, the clubs marching singly or in about just as many bands as will fit into line. The bands marching side by side, at the same time play "Yankee Doodle," "Marching Through Georgia," and "Billy Royal." The Flag, each band playing its own tune, regardless of what the band marching with it may be doing.

At the two speakers' stands on the other side of Olive street the clubs welcomed the marchers with a hearty cheer.

After several circuits of the square the confused mass of men, lights, banners and flags moved on to the main arena of political contests. You have to fight for your wages and manhood. The people of St. Louis are not given to any violent answer to Grover Cleveland's and Senator Vest's declaration of a war of extermination against the industrial workers.

Mr. O'Donnough then quoted a number of Henry Waterman's free trade declarations, and said to those who were present, "I want to say that the Democratic party was a free trade party. Mr. Waterman spoke of the day when he was born, and he carried the colors of the flag well, for his principles, he carried out, in the cause of the workingmen.

He concluded with an injunction to them to vote for the Republican candidate, those who were running for Congress.

He was followed by E. W. C. Eeles who, after reviewing the tariff, gave way to W. H. Henderson of Pittsburgh, Pa.

With white banners and the letters, F. G., is upon the fronts of their white jackets. The Mt. Pleasant Republican Club, the First Ward Republican Club, the Eighth Ward Republican Club, the Ninth Ward Republican Club, the Twelfth Ward Cavalry Club, so strong; the Sixth Ward Republican Club, so strong; the Fifteenth Ward Club, so strong; the Eighteenth Ward Log Cabin Club, so strong; the Twentieth Ward Club, so strong; the Morton Club, 150 strong; the Second Ward Republican Club, 150 strong; the First Ward Guards, 50 strong; the No. 1 Third Ward Republican Club, 20 strong; First Ward Workmen, 100 strong; the Second Ward Workmen, 100 strong; the Third Ward Workmen, 100 strong; the Thirteenth Ward Republicans Club, so strong; the Fourth Ward Niedringhaus Club, so strong; the Fifth Ward Club, so strong; the Eleventh Ward Republican Club, 40 strong; the Fifteenth Ward Colored Club, 40 strong; and a host of others who had no lasting names, but who were there, and who were increasing the crowd to a considerable extent.

Transparencies and sentiments of the assembly to a great extent. Among those displayed was a log cabin banner with the motto, "No Vacant Lots in the Patch Goes This Time." "John Bull Rides the Democrats, We Ride the Republicans," "Free Trade," "Free Trade to America," "Free Trade to the World," "Nathan Frank and the Purification of the Ballot," "We Want Bread, No Pie," "Zachariah, John Bull Returns to Conquer Again," "Down with the Democrats," "All Hat to the Devil," "The Coming Year See 100,000 Strong," "Schoolhouses Instead of Soups-houses."

While the clubs had in part marched away from their original headquarters, the speakers on the stand south of Olive street spoke a few words. Mr. Nathan Frank, who had come to address the crowd and confined himself to few remarks on the situation. He was followed by Mr. O'Donnough, who had been stamping the entire Western country. After Mr. Henderson had finished Max, Chas. M. Clegg, a few words, and then dismissed the audience.

The meeting on the hill opposite Mount Pleasant was opened by Col. David Murphy, who made a few brief remarks. He said that the people of St. Louis had been informed by Senator Vest that the President had challenged the protected industries of the country to a war of extermination, and the movement on the square before them were the people's answer. He said that now that the war was over, it would be tragic if the country was to be again involved.

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THE TICKETS.

The following are the nominees of the Democratic, Republican, Union Labor and Prohibition parties for State, city, congressional and legislative offices, to be voted for next Tuesday.

THE STATE TICKETS.

	Democratic.	Republican.	Union Labor.	Prohibition.
Governor.....	David R. Francis.	Eliel E. Kimball.	Ahira Manzke.	Frank M. Lowe.
Lieutenant Governor.....	John C. Chapman.	Geo. H. Morris.	Wm. C. Parsons.	John F. Parks.
State Treasurer.....	Alex. L. Ladd.	Albert F. Fowles.	Warren Verrett.	Wm. H. Gratz.
Attisor.....	Jed. S. Noland.	Geo. W. Martin.	Jas. S. Corbin.	John C. H. Johnson.
Register of Lands.....	John M. McCulloch.	Jas. H. Chase.	Jno. F. McMurtry.	D. H. Laney.
Board of Com'r's.....	T. J. Hennessy.	B. W. Vadder.	Orville D. Jones.	Loren G. Rowell.
Justice Sup. Ct. Chs.-Shepard.....	Barday.	B. S. Botsford.		

THE CONGRESSIONAL TICKETS.

	Democratic.	Republican.	Union Labor.	Prohibition.
Eighth District.....	J. O. Neill.	F. G. Niedringhaus.	R. C. Longsdon.	Andrew Grassley.
Ninth District.....	G. A. Castiglione.	Nathan Frank.	M. H. Ingalls.	
Tenth District.....	Martin L. Clardy.	Wm. Kinsey.	J. V. E. Swart.	

FOR THE APPELLATE COURTS.

	Democratic.	Republican.	Union Labor.	Prohibition.
Eastern District.....	Wm. H. Biggs.	Abraham J. Sey.	Frank E. Kichey.	
Western District.....	E. M. Bossey.	Hornor H. Hardin.	Ivan E. Kichey.	
Circuit Attorney.....	J. A. O'Neilly.	James F. Johnson.	Jno. F. Lewis.	

THE CITY TICKETS.

	Democratic.	Republican.	Union Labor.	Prohibition.
Sheriff.....	Philip Rohan.	John H. Pohman.	H. M. Brockstedt.	
Circuit Attorney.....	A. A. Paxton.	Ashley C. Clover.		
Asst. Cir. Ct. Atty.....	Titus W. Lubke.	Wm. Zachris.		
Circuit Judges.....	Jas. A. Seddon.	Jas. E. Withrow.		
Coroner.....	D. S. H. Frank.	Jacob Kline.	F. O. Drake.	
Pub. Adm'r'st'r.....	E. C. Tittmann.	Charles F. Schaefer.		

FOR SENATORS.

	Democratic.	Republican.	Union Labor.	Prohibition.

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FOR RENT—DWELLINGS.

PERCY & VALLAT,Successors to
F. W. KEFERSTEIN & CO.
110 NORTH EIGHTH ST.
DWELLINGS.Telephone, No. 410.

109 S. EIGHT ST.—10 rooms; hall, gas. 40.00
403 S. BROADWAY—Ten-room houses. 40.00
510 S. BROADWAY—Eight-room houses. 35.00
511 S. EIGHT ST., 6 rooms, hall, gas. 25.00
830 S. EIGHT ST.—10 rooms, all conveniences. 25.00
904 S. EIGHT ST.—Nine-room houses; gas. 25.00
1004 S. EIGHT ST.—10 room; hall, gas. 50.00
1128 S. EIGHT ST.—10 rooms; all conveniences. 40.00
1310 S. EIGHT ST.—7 rooms; all modern conveniences. 30.00
1309 S. EIGHT ST.—6 rooms, hall, gas. 30.00
1408 S. EIGHT ST.—6 rooms, hall, gas. 25.00
1553 S. EIGHT ST.—8 room; hall, gas. 35.00
1626 S. HICKORY AV.—6 rooms, hall, gas. 30.00
1706 S. MISSISSIPPI AV.—9 room; all conveniences. 40.00
1736 S. MISSISSIPPI AV.—9 room; all conveniences. 35.00
1814 PINE ST.—6 rooms; gas, water. 12.50
1827 N. FAIRMONT AV.—8 rooms; all conveniences. 45.00
2715 S. WALNUT ST.—6 rooms; all conveniences. 25.00
3244 S. CLARK AV.—7 rooms, all mod. 40.00
3327 S. 9TH ST.—7 rooms, hall, gas. 30.00
N. W. COR. 11TH AND BUTORGE ST., 12 rooms; 32 feet front. 30.00
BENTON PARK, Missouri Pacific Railroad, house, with 7 acres of land; cheap. 10-room

PLATES.

22 S. 9TH ST.—3 rooms, 1st floor. 11.00
410 S. 9TH ST., 3 rooms, 2nd floor, hall, gas. 12.00
510 S. POPLAR ST., 3 rooms, 2nd floor. 12.00
703 S. JEFFERSON ST., 3 rooms. 12.00
1220 S. FINE ST., 5 rooms, 2d floor 25.00
1408 CASS AV., rear, 3 rooms. 7.50
1416 CASS AV., rear, 2 rooms. 6.50
1410 CASS AV., 2d floor, 3 rooms. 9.00
1605 PARK AV.—4 rooms, all conveniences. 25.00
2123 RANDOLPH ST.—New, date, 5 rooms, separate entrances. 15.00
2110 SCOTT ST.—1st floor. 14.00
2308 SCOTT AV.—2 rooms. 12.50
2656 SCOTT AV.—3 rooms. 9.00
2800 SCOTT AV.—3 rooms, 2d floor. 9.00
NORTHWEST COR. 11TH AND PARK AV.—6 rooms, with 7 acres of land; cheap. 18.00

STORES.

10 S. COMMERCIAL—Large store. 25.00
621 FINE ST.—Large store cheap. 15.00
1619 PARK AV.—New store and cellar. 25.00
617 AND 619 FINE ST.—New building or retail or manufacturing upper floors for light manufacturing. Cheap rent to suit. 15.00
CLARK AV.—Stores and 2 rooms. 27.00
2739 OFFICES. 18.00

OFFICES.

117 N. FIFTH ST., 2 office rooms, 24.00
300 OLIVE ST.—Large rooms, 3d floor. 25.00
803 FINE ST.—Frolics, 2d floor. 20.00
N. W. COR. BROADWAY AND FINE 10.00
N. ET, one room.LOOK
ABOUT THIS!

DWELLINGS.

2648 Washington av., 11 rooms, stable, etc., \$83.35
2620 Washington av., 11 rooms, all conveniences. 75.00
2643 Dayton, 9 rooms, opposite park, large 50.00
2649 Gamble, corner Garrison, 9 rooms. 45.00
2650 Washington, 9 rooms, all conveniences. 50.00
2651 Gamble, 9 rooms. 35.00
2652 Gamble, 9 rooms. 35.00
2653 Aransas, 6 rooms; water. 8.00
4205 FINE ST.—6 rooms; all conveniences. 20.00
2658 FINE ST.—6 rooms; all conveniences. 20.00
2659 Hickory St., 7 rooms, bath, furnace, laundry, 27.00
2728 FINE ST.—3 rooms. 28.00
2820 FINE ST.—3 rooms. 28.00
3514 Easton av., DELOS B. HAYNES & BRO. 28.00
211 N. 8th st.

FOR RENT.

CHAS. M. GLEASON & CO.,
720 Chestnut St.

TELEPHONE 701.

Have for rent the following:

DWELLINGS.

404 S. FINNEY AV., 6 rooms; gas, water, etc. \$20.00
2705 and 2704 DICKSON ST., new, 6 rooms, 2d floor. 37.50

1304 S. SECOND CARONDELET AV.—6 rooms and attic. 30.00

520 S. TENTH ST.—6 rooms, water. 23.00

2209 S. BROADWAY—Handsome, 6 rooms. 25.00

2105 S. FINNEY AV.—Handsome, 6 rooms. 27.00

2175 CARRE ST., 9 rooms. 40.00

TO LET FOR BUSINESS PURPOSES.

205 N. BROADWAY—Next door to St. Louis National Bank, 2d floor, 2d floor, 4d floor. Three large well-lighted rooms; the street and hall block the city; will put in elevator. 27.00

1717 S. BROADWAY—2d floor, 2d floor. 27.00

521 OLIVE ST.—Store, about 12x16, with large windows, 2d floor. 25.00

819 FRANKLIN AV.—Large store, will rent cheap to a good tenant. 25.00

1100 N. 3D ST., cor. Cass St.—Three-story brick, well lighted, well adapted for wholesale trade; possession. Several small rooms available. Adam Borch & Co. 25.00

1320 MERCHANT ST.—Opposite Lakefront, 6 rooms, suitable for manufacturing; ground floor, 2d floor; top with stable; non-resident will sell, if bought at once, for \$5,000. 17

2800 N. GRAND AV.—Northeast corner of St. Louis; just the place for a bakery or drug store; only 2d floor. 14.00

JOSEPH A. DUFFY & CO.

1717 S. BROADWAY.

Fine large offices on 2d floor, s. e. cor. 7th and Chestnut; few rooms; for \$2,500; or \$3,000; monthly payments if desired. 17

ADAM BORCH & CO.

207 N. 3D ST.

NEAR BENTON PARK.

For lease, five-story, building and four-story house, 2d floor, 2d floor, 3d floor, 4d floor, 5d floor. 17

JANUARY 1, 1889. BENTON PARK.

MARCHANT & CO.

201 N. 3D ST.

FARM FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Two farms, many buildings. 17

house, 7 miles from Court House; 100 acres each; houses and all outbuildings in good repair. For particulars, inquire of Mr. McLaren, 611 Pine St., 17

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McLaren.

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TRADE AND SPECULATION

THE SITUATION IN GRAIN, PROVISIONS, STOCKS AND MONEY DISCUSSED

A Sensational Story About the Chicago Wheat Rail-Armour & Rockefeller Said to Be the Big Buils-The Position of Provisions Condition of Corn-Wall Street Items-Local Chat From "Change"

By Telegraph to the POST-DISPATCH.

CHICAGO, Ill., November 3.—Wheat this evening closed \$0.70 lower than last week and 70¢ inside the top price of the week. The break has all occurred during the last three days.

The market is sick at the bottom. Speculative operations have been attended with the greatest excitement on several days and yesterday in particular the volume of trading was immense. Some experienced dealers claim that the aggregate of transactions was the largest of any day in the history of the Board. This probably somewhat wild, but trading is certainly on a scale of great magnitude. On the advance to \$1.22 a great deal of long wheat that was advertised to be held for \$1.00 came out. Holders concluded they would let the others hold for the last quarter of a cent. The result has been the market that has just been witnessed; Hutchinson was among the sellers at the top and for the first 3 days down. Then he became a buyer in a wholesale way, but the crowd overran him and literally "plugged" him full. To-day he acted as though he cared very little about the market went. It seemed as indifferent as the blackboard boy, although it is reported that he went home last night not less than \$35,000,000 business for December. He is said to have bought 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 bushels in two days. This may be an exaggeration, but beyond any question the market as it now stands is heavily oversold and is in a position to be sharply twisted. The tremendous extent of Hutchinson's operations has given rise to rumors that he is merely acting as a broker for a syndicate, of which F. D. Armour and "Standard Oil" Rockefellers are the head and front. This report is dubbed wild talk, but there are many things about it that seem to afford at least a modicum of probability.

A sensational action with this rumor is published this afternoon. "It is notorious," said the Board of Trade gossipier, "that Hutchinson has been doing a big commission and brokerage business for several months. Why should he run a deal for Armour, and what man would Armour be more likely to pick out to represent him? Who else, besides Hutchinson, co. bid up 100,000, 20,000,000, or 25,000,000 bushels of wheat without creating a panic?" Did any one ever hear of Hutchinson standing up stiffly before the Board of Trade and saying, "I have a lot of bushels before September?" Is it not entirely foreign to his training, his methods? His thoughts? Is it not extremely improbable that he would have played the deal through if he had not been backed up and braced up by a man of steadfastness and capacity? Did not the deal end like an Armour deal? Furthermore, does not everybody believe that Armour sold out millions of dollars worth of St. Paul securities months ago, and is it not pretty well known that he is not a man to let money get run over him? Rockefellers are not so much confidential. There could they trust more naturally than to wheat after selling out railroads securities because of a partial failure of the wheat crop? Again, although Armour professed to have no news at all about wheat, it is noted that he sold out in a singular coincidence that the Home Insurance building seems to be a repository of Rockefellers' funds. The Home's operations. Perhaps some one over in the Home is a mind reader." I have given you the whole story. That is to say, the circumstances of more or less significance in this connection. Generally, the wheat owed to the Home is about \$100,000,000.

The banks show a loss of \$1,000,000 in surplus to them, but they still hold \$13,731,250 in excess of legal requirements, against \$9,756,500 last year and \$5,682,750 in 1886. The only striking change in the average this year. There was a moderate increase in the money market, from 6.25 to 6.25 per cent on call. Foreign exchange was quiet and general. Exchange on London for October 4, 84c. 64, 84c for banker's 60-day bills of exchange, 4.75c. 64, 84c for demand and 4.88c. 64c for cables.

Next Tuesday, election day, the Merchants' Exchange will be closed to business. The exchange, however, will be open in the evenings and full electric lights will be received and posted on the blackboard by two telegraphic operators, who will be engaged for that purpose.

* * * The Chronicle gives the earnings of sixty-eight roads for the third week of October at \$5,181,250, an increase of \$57,500.

grain a little monotonous turned his attention to hog product for a diversion. He bought and sold pork and other articles with more or less success. The market is becoming more dead, and as a majority of the professional traders were too timid to take a positive stand in the market, it is probable that few names for all it was worth. Cash buyers continue cautious and conservative. Their purchases are, as a rule, confined to wheat, corn, oats, barley, flour, meal, and flour, and the like, of freedom in the movement. The distributive trade is slow, and for the season considerably. There are an average of twenty-five to thirty changes last week generally resulted in an advance. In November pork was up 10¢, November and January lard to 13¢; in January pork to 45¢, and in January short ribs to 26¢. Stocks of prime Chilean bacon were unusually high. Second figures they amount to about 41,000,000 lbs. against 35,000,000 lbs a year ago and 30,000,000 lbs in 1886. The market is in a condition of contract or speculative articles composed as follows:

Oct. 31, 1888. Oct. 31, 1887.

Pork bbls. 30,059 75,462

Lard bbls. 6,247,519 10,300,959

Stocks lbs. 1,000,000

For the past four summer packing seasons, comprising the eight months commencing with April and ending with October, Chicago's receipts and shipment of hogs were as follows:

Season.

Received.

Shipped.

1887.

1,118,454

1886.

1,118,454

1885.

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THE POST-DISPATCH-PAGES 17 TO 24.

ST. LOUIS, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, 1888.

GRESSY:

A NEW STORY OF MINING LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

BY BRETT HARTE.

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CHAPTER I.
S the master of the Indian Spring school emerged from the mine into the little clearing before the school-house, he stopped whistling, put his hat less jauntily on his head, threw away some wild flowers he had gathered on his way, and otherwise assumed the severe demeanor of his profession and his maturity—which was at least 20. Not that he usually felt this assumption; it was rather a sense of his importance that he impressed others, as he did himself, with the blunted austerity and snuff of old age and exhausted experience.

The building which was assigned to him and his flock by the Board of Education of Tuolumne County, California, had been originally a church. It still bore a faded odor of sanctity, mingled, however, with a later and slightly alcoholic breath of political discussion, the result of its weekly occupation, under the authority of the board, as a tribune for the enunciation of party principles and devotion to the "liberty of speech." It was a new abode by hooks on the teacher's desk, and the blackboard but imperfectly hid an impassioned appeal to the citizens of Indian Springs to "rally" for Stibbins as Supervisor. The master had been struck with the size of the black type in which this placard was printed, and with a shrewd perception of its value to the round wandering eyes of his smaller pupils, allowed it to remain as a pleasure-example of orthography. Unfortunately, although subdivided and spelt by them in separate letters with painful and perfect accuracy, it was collectively known as "Walley," and its general import productive of vague hilarity.

Taking a large key from his pocket the master unlocked the door and threw it open, stepping back with a certain precaution, begotten of his experience in once finding a small but sociable rattlesnake coiled up near the threshold. A slight disturbance, which followed his intrusion, showed the value of that precaution, and the fact that the room had been already used for various private and pecuniary purposes of the master and others. An irregular attendance of yellow-birds and squirrels dismissed themselves higgierily through the broken floor and windows, but a golden lizard stared stony right on the edge of open arithmetic, touched the heart of the master so strongly by its resemblance to some kept-in and forgotten scholar who had succumbed over the task he could not accomplish that he was seized with compunction.

Hoovering himself and re-establishing, as it were, the usual discipline of the room by clasping his hands, and saying "Shoo!" he passed up the narrow aisle of benches, and placing the forgotten arithmetic and picking up from the desks here and there certain fragmentary pieces of plaster and crumbling wood that had fallen from the ceiling, as if this grove of Academus had been shedding its leaves overnight. When he reached his own desk he lifted the lid and remained for some moments motionless, gazing into it. His appearance, however, was simple the combination of reflectiveness in his features—a small pocket mirror in his own features—in a higher key, "Tige it—" the master's attention was held by a young girl, looking down from the porch, with a certain preoccupation, by the meaning eyes of her sex, preferred a personal recognition of her presence before she spoke. Succeeding in catching his eyes, she threw back her long hair from her shoulders, and with an easy habitual gesture, rose, and with a faint accession of color said—

"Cressy McKinstry came home from Sacramento, Mrs. McKinstry told mother she's comin' back here to school."

The master looked up with an alacrity perhaps innocent with his youthful austerity, as the young girl continued her preoccupation with an expectant smile, he reflected. Cressy McKinstry, who was 16 years old, had been one of the pupils he had found at the school when he first came. But as he had also found that she was then in the extraordinary attitude of being "engaged" to one Seth Davis, a fellow pupil of 19, and as most of the courtship was carried on freely and unconsciously at that time, he refrained from any remonstrance of his countenance. But he was presently aware of the sound of small voices, low, clear and brief laughter, scattered at vague and remote distances from the school-house—not unlike the birds and squirrels he had just dispossessed. He recognized by these signs that it was 9 o'clock, and his scholars were at play.

He came in their usual drowsy fashion—the fashion of country school children the world over—irregularly, spasmodically, and as accidentally; a few hand-in-hand, others driven ahead or dropped behind their elders; some in straggling groups more or less coherent and at times only connected by far-off intermediate voices scattered on a space of half a mile, but never quite alone; always preoccupied by something else than the actual business on hand: appearing suddenly from ditches, behind trunks, and beneath railings; cropping up in unexpected places along the road after vague and purposeless detours seemingly going everywhere and everywhere but to school! So unlock'd, tor, in fact, was their mad arrival that the master, who had a few moments before failed to desory a single torn strap hat or ruined sunbonnet above his visible horizon, was always startled to find them suddenly under his windows, as it were like the birds, they had alighted from the trees. The more varied; they always arrived in pairs, and relented, with a doubtful shyness, but to school afterwards beamed into a charming hyacinthine, invariably temporizing with their instincts until the last moment, and only relinquishing, perhaps reluctantly, the very threshold. Even after they were marshaled on their usual benches, they gazed at each other every morning with a perfectly fresh astonishment and a daily recurring enjoyment of some hidden joke in this tremendous rencontre.

It had been the habit of the master to utilize these preliminary vagrancies of his little flock by getting them on assembling to recite any interesting incident of their journey hither, or failing this, for their not infrequent shyness in expressing themselves, had secretly interested them, any event that had occurred within their knowledge since they last met. He had done this partly to give them time to recover themselves in that more formal atmosphere and party, I fear, however, notwithstanding his conscientious gravity; it greatly amused him. It also diverted them from their usual round-eyed, breathless contemplation of himself—a regular morning inspection which generally embraced over every detail of his dress and appearance and made every change or deviation the subject of whispered comment or half-joky figure—a man had hauled

longly before the porch and open door. Luckily the children, who were facing the master with their backs to the entrance, did not see it.

Yet the figure was neither alarming nor unfamiliar. The master at once recognized it as Ben Dabney, otherwise known as Uncle Ben, a good-natured, broad-shouldered man, who occupied a small cabin over-night in the outskirt of Indian Springs. His avuncular title was evidently only an ironical tribute to his amiable incompetency and heavy good nature, for he was still a young man with no family ties, and by reason of his singular shyness, not even a visitor in the few families of the neighborhood. At the master looked up, he had an irritating recollection that Ben had been already haunting him for the last two days, alternately appearing and disappearing in his path to and from school, with more than usual stealth and boldness.

"Ef you'd be havin' books—which might lead to baleful information, or communicate. Catching the apparition's half-appealing eye, he proceeded to exorcise it with a portentous frown and fall away from the porch, only, however, to reappear and wax larger a few minutes later at one of the side windows. The infant class had been obliged to walk to the door, and command his steps steadily when, re-entering to the fence, he mounted the upper-most rail and, drawing a knife, cut a long splinter from the rail and began to whittle it patient and meditative silence. But when recess was declared, and the relieved expression of the little flock had vent in the clearing around the school-house, the few who rushed to the spot found that Uncle Ben had already disappeared. Whether the appearance of the children was too inconsistent with his ghostly mission, or whether his heart failed him at the last moment, the master could not determine. Yet, disastrous as he was, the master was vaguely and irritably disengaged.

A few hours later, when school was being dismissed, the master found Octavia Dean, his elder brother, rising with family concern and frowning openly upon Johnny; "it's jest his foolshess; he oughter be liked." Finding himself unexpectedly on his feet, and apparently at the end of a long speech, he colored also and said hurriedly, "Jimmy Snyder—he seed asth'ny! Ask him!" and sat down.

"Speak up, Johnny," said the master, encouragingly.

"Please, sir, it anythin' he's seed—not any real news," said Rupert Fligree, his older brother, rising with family concern and frowning openly upon Johnny; "it's jest his foolshess; he oughter be liked." Finding himself unexpectedly on his feet, and apparently at the end of a long speech, he colored also and said hurriedly, "Jimmy Snyder—he seed asth'ny! Ask him!" and sat down.

"But if you really mean it, couldn't you use these books, Uncle Ben?" said the master, cheerfully. "I dare say there's little difference—the principle is the same, you know."

Uncle Ben's face, which had suddenly brightened, as suddenly fell. He took the book from the master's hand without meeting his eyes, held it at arm's length, turned it over, and then laid it softly down upon the desk, as if it were some excessively fragile article. "Certaintly," he murmured, with as much respect as if it were a precious jewel. "The principle is all there." Nevertheless, he was quite breathless, and a few beats of pantomime stood out upon his smooth, blank forehead.

"There's nothin' he's seed," he said, as if to a pastime, "eh?"

As the master smilingly raised his head, he became suddenly and ostensibly attracted to the window.

"There's a boy out there is mighty peart, comin' right up to the school-house! I reckon he's got somethin' to say to us."

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hands up and her elbows still well forward as if warily resting to an imaginary "corner."

"Mr. Ford at once tactfully stepped back from the doorway. "I beg your pardon," he said, delicately addressing the opposite wall, "but I found the door open and I followed the dog."

"That's just one of his pheasant tricks," responded Mrs. McKinstry dolorously from within. "On' last week he left in a Chinaman, and in the 'nat'r'l hustin' that followed he managed to help himself out of the pork bar'." There ain't no shade o' cussedness that or'ney hound ain't up to!" Yet, notwithstanding this ominous comparison, she unconsciously made her appearance, with her sleeves turned down, her black woolen dress "titled," and a smile of fatigued, but not unduly, welcome and protection on her face. Duster a chair with her apron and placing it before the master, she continued merrily: "Now that you're here we're right down and make yourself to home. My men-folks are all out o' door, but some o' em's sure to happen in soon for suttin'; that day ain't yet creash'd, so they don't come humpin' up Mammy McHinsty every five minutes for this thing or that."

The glow of a certain hard pride burned through the care-worn languor of her brown cheek. What she had said was strangely true.

This raw-boned woman before him, although scarcely middle-aged, had for years occupied a self-imposed maternal and protective relation, not only to her own sons and brother, but to the other boys now, who as passengers or hired hands, lived at the ranch.

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"Hiram allowed to go over to the school-house and see you this mornin'," said Mrs. McKinstry, after a pause; "but I reckon as how he had to look up stock on the river. The cattle are wild this time o' year, huntin' water, and hangin' round the tufts, that my men are high worried out o' their butts with 'em." Hiram had just about got his thoughts clear up, and Hiram with what with 'nastrolin' the West Boundary all night, watchin' stakes whar them low down Harrison's hev been trespassin'—han't put his feet to the ground in fourteen hours. Mebbe you noticed Hiram as you kee along? If so, ye didn't remember what kind o' shootin' han's he had with him? I see his rifle over you. Like as not he's only got his six-shooter, and them Harrison's are mean enough to lay han's on a man's back. But, heed, returning to the less important topic, "I suppose Cressy has all right?"

"Yes," said the master hopefully. "I reckon she looked so," continued Mrs. McKinstry, with tolerant abstraction. "She allowed to do herself credit in one of them new store gounds that she got at Sacramento. At least that's what some o' our men said. Late years I ain't kept tech with the fashions myself. She passed her fingers explanatory down the folds of her own coarse gown, but without a word or apology.

"She seemed well prepared in her lesson," said the master, abandoning for the moment that criticism of his pupil's dress, which he saw was utterly futile, "but am I to understand that she is coming regularly to school—that she is now perfectly free to give her attention to her studies—that her engagement is broken off?"

"Why, didn't she tell you?" echoed Mrs. McKinstry, with a certain surprise. "She allowed to do herself credit in one of them new store gounds that she got at Sacramento. At least that's what some o' our men said. Late years I ain't kept tech with the fashions myself. She passed her fingers explanatory down the folds of her own coarse gown, but without a word or apology.

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"That's so," said Mrs. McKinstry meditatively. "I reckon you better bette Hiram. That's what Davy's engaged to be a master o' horn and her father's, and not in my line. I suppose that Hiram nat'r'lly allows to set the thing square to you and enquirin' friends."

"But as I'm responsible to parents and not to scholars for the discipline of my school," returned the young man a little stiffly, "I thought it my duty to hear it from you."

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"I hope you understand," said the master, slightly resenting the classification, "that my reason for inquiring about the permanency of your daughter's attendance was simply because it might be necessary to arrange her studies in a way more suitable to her years; perhaps even to suggest to you that a young ladies' seminary might be more satisfactory—"

"Sarin, sarin," interrupted Mrs. McKinstry, hurriedly, but whether from evasion of annoying suggestion or weariness of the topic the master could not determine. "You'd better speak to Hiram about it. O'ny," she hesitated slightly, "as he's got now sorter set and pointed towards your school, and is a trifle worried with stock and them Harrison's, he's more likely to be interested in you now. I can't think what keeps him." Her eye wandered again with troubled preoccupation to the corner where her husband's sharp ride stood. Suddenly she raised her voice as if forgoled of Mr. Ford's presence.

"O'ny!"

The response came from the inner room. The moment Cressy appeared at the door with a cold, half-lazy defiance in her manner, which the master could not understand, except upon the hypothesis that she had been listening. She had already changed her elaborate toilet for a long clinging, coarse blue gown, that accentuated the graceful curves of her slight petticoated figure. Nodding her head towards the master, she said "Howdy" and turned to her mother who practically ignored their mutual acquaintance. "O'ny," she said, "Dad's gone and left me. Sharpie, you'd mind him's in along to meet him, above he passes the Boundary corner. Ye might tell him the teacher's year want's to see him."

"One moment," said the master, as the young girl carelessly stepped to the corner and lifted the weapon. "Let me take it. It's all on my way back to school, and I'll most him."

Mrs. McKinstry looked perturbed. Cressy opened her clear eyes on the master with evident surprise. "No, Mr. Ford," said Mrs. McKinstry, with her former maternal manner. "He's a bad boy, and I don't know what you do. You've no call to do it, and Cressy has, it's all in the family. But it's come on me like, and them Harrison's who go to their school, who are themselves greatly surprised at

your school. Fancy the teacher takin' wop plumb outta the window and never seen."

"His dinner tickets for the teacher than for one of his scholars, and a young lady at that," said Mr. Ford gravely, as he took the ride from the hands of the half-amused, half-reluctant girl. "It's quite safe with me, and I promise I shall deliver it into Mr. McKinstry's hands and none other."

"That's just one of his pheasant tricks," responded Mrs. McKinstry dolorously from within. "On' last week he left in a Chinaman, and in the 'nat'r'l hustin' that followed he managed to help himself out of the pork bar'." There ain't no shade o' cussedness that or'ney hound ain't up to!" Yet, notwithstanding this ominous comparison, she unconsciously made her appearance, with her sleeves turned down, her black woolen dress "titled," and a smile of fatigued, but not unduly, welcome and protection on her face. Duster a chair with her apron and placing it before the master, she continued merrily: "Now that you're here we're right down and make yourself to home. My men-folks are all out o' door, but some o' em's sure to happen in soon for suttin'; that day ain't yet creash'd, so they don't come humpin' up Mammy McHinsty every five minutes for this thing or that."

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HERE ARE THE TOTALS.

Well Known St. Louisans Tell How the Elections Will Go.

Hundreds of Guesses at the Results of Tuesday's Ballot.

Read Them Carefully, and When You Look at the "Post-Dispatch" Bulletin Return on Election Evening You Will See What Great Mistakes Your Friends Can Make—What the Democrats and Republicans of St. Louis Expect to See—The Chance for Francis—The Congressional Races—Some Interesting Chat.

LL the predictions now being made in the city on the result of the election of the Tuesday have their inspiration in the wish of the prophets, but occasionally the most partisan of men will admit into their prophecies qualifications that may be accepted as it was showing the direction in which the wind was blowing. Nearly every man, woman and child is estimating majorities on one side or the other now, and the Post-DISPATCH reporters have caught several hundred representative men engaged. The straws that they have tossed above the level of their parishes' feeling would seem to point to the defeat of about one-half of the candidates in the Democratic party in the election of Francis by a very small majority, though Republicans claim the State and Texas Districts. Government officials claim the Democrats do not all concede. The predictions are worth reading, and will be quite as interesting after the election.

The Guesses.

James Newell: "Cleveland and Francis sure."

Jas. Carlisle: "Everything goes for the Democrats."

Geo. Hubbard: "Harrison will be elected and so will Cleveland."

Fred M. Crunden: "I think that Cleveland will be elected."

Wm. A. Rutledge: "Harrison will be elected and Cleveland will be beaten."

John Kilpatrick: "Cleveland will be elected beyond a doubt."

L. P. Harrigan, Jr.: "I'm betting on Cleveland. I am a Harrisonite."

H. Kunkel: "The Republicans will win this election. I am sure."

Jas. Player: "Cleveland sure and Mayor Francis dead certain."

Chas. J. Fox: Republican candidate for Constable: "I am also afraid that Cleveland will be elected."

John Corby: "I won't begin predicting next Wednesday."

J. P. Kieran: "The Republicans, I think, will be conquered by the Democrats. That is certain."

John Roach: "Of course Poor Old Missouri will be beaten by the Democrats. That is certain."

John C. Glavin: "I am positive that Francis will win, as will also Cleveland."

John Corby: "I'd bet my last nickel on Cleveland. They can't beat him."

Thomas C. Martin: "Francis will be the winner and the first to do it."

Michael Connell: "I fail to see how the Republicans will lose this election."

D. P. Grier: "Harrison will be elected positively, and Francis will be defeated."

Geo. C. Bradford: "The Democratic ticket will not be captured and with big odds."

Francis Reber: "Kinsey, Kimball and Harrison will get there without much trouble."

Dick Cole: "I have got some Missouri farms where we make \$100,000 a year."

William Coan: "It will be a hard pull, but I feel positive of a big Democratic success."

T. W. Carter: "Cleveland will be the next President and I am a Harrisonite."

Thomas Murphy: "Kinball will be our next Governor and Harrison our next President."

Fred Hoffmeister: "Phil Rohan will be the only Democratic candidate that is sure to win."

S. S. Bass: "I think the Democratic ticket will make a clean sweep—national, State and City."

Isaac S. Taylor: "Cleveland and Francis and Rohan and Klein are all of them winners."

John Eichman: "Francis is sure to win, and end Mr. Clancy will lead Kinsey."

John Eberle: "Cleveland will be elected, and Frank will be Governor of Missouri, and Mr. Clancy will be left and let's bathe."

Hermon Feldman: "I don't only think but know that the Republicans will win."

Dr. Arnold Salomon: "I can say that a public party is sure of success this time."

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B. S. Reber: "It is my sincere opinion that Kinsey, Kinney and Kimball will win with no difficulty."

Tom Ryan: "Cleveland will be selected without doubt, but how other candidates will fare, I do not know."

John Eberle: "I think that Harrison has a sure thing now. The Republicans will sweep the city."

John C. Glavin: "The Republicans are bound to win Tuesday. The Democrats have no show whatever."

H. C. Croxling: "The way Cleveland will this time will be a terrible blow to the Democratic party."

John Eichman: "There is no doubt but that Kinball will win and he will beat Cleveland."

Rowan Ray of Jefferson City, chief clerk to Henry King of the Supreme Court: "Francis will run several hundred votes ahead of Edwin Morgan and Morton will get there too, but

we must have the assistance of every Republican."

Frank Gallo: "Cleveland is as good as anything else. I think the Democrats are strong all around."

J. A. Swan: "There is no doubt about Harrison's election by a big majority and Kimball will win the State."

H. W. Moore: "Cleveland will be snowed under and there is no earthly show for the local Democratic ticket."

John F. McEnroe: "Cleveland and Francis will sweep the State."

F. X. Marzal: "I feel certain that the Republicans will win both in the national race and in our State."

F. J. Pepeony: "Francis is sure to be left this election. Kimball will poll an immense vote. Kinsey will also beat Clancy."

John Howard: "I don't think that Cleveland will win, but I do think that Harrison has a chance."

John N. Frank: "Republican candidate for Governor: 'Who will be elected? Why not Francis? He is a good man.'

Frank Flanagan: "Francis is sure to be left this election. Kimball will poll an immense vote. Kinsey will also beat Clancy."

Bernard Dierck: "Francis will be Governor and Cleveland for President will undoubtedly sweep everything on Tuesday next."

John R. Laughlin: "Francis will be elected by a large majority. Kimball will poll a good Democratic majority of 50,000."

Henry Harastick: "It is my opinion that Harrison cannot now be defeated. The local Republicans will win the field."

John E. Clegg: "I hardly know to express my opinion, but can say I am a Republican and will vote a Republican ticket."

H. C. Robinson: "My opinion is that the Republicans will win the election. The exception of Francis, who hope to see defeated."

Charles Price: "My opinion is that Harrison, Kimball and Kinsey as well as the city ticket will poll enough votes to elect them all."

Alex Hecker: "I feel almost certain that Kimball will beat Francis and that Kinsey will poll a good Democratic majority."

E. O. Standard: "I have been around the country and I have seen how the Republicans have overcome the obstacles the Democrats have to overcome, like a man of like his own bone. As far as Francis is concerned, he is a popular man and his majority will be 35,000."

Frank Flanagan: "Francis is the greatest man of the two. I am sure both of them will be elected because they are good Democrats."

Wm. Kerby: "I feel almost certain that the Republicans will elect Kimball and that Kinsey will be beaten. Mr. Clancy is so behind in the State that the Democrats will be ashamed of themselves."

E. C. Claborn: "I haven't the remotest idea how things will go locally, but Cleveland will be elected."

Richard Walsh: "I think Cleveland will be elected sure and I am sure that Francis will be elected."

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MORE OF THE ROSEBUDS

DEBUTANTE WHO WERE NOT MENTIONED IN LAST SUNDAY'S "POST-DISPATCH."

Girls of the South Side and Maidens in Hebrew Circles Who Will Be Formally Introduced to Society This Winter—Debut Parties More General in St. Louis.

It is quite a delicate matter in St. Louis to draw the line between debutantes and the society girl of a season. This arises from an American fashion of raising our children. We allow them the free entrance of the parlors from their infancy, and they are "debutantes" at once. And there is no definite line dividing a young girl's entrance into the social world from the period preceding it. In English home life it is not so. They have a line which is rigidly drawn. While their girls are in the school room the distracting influences of society are kept far from them, and their "presentation" is made the occasion of such special festivities that the young candidate for social rank may mark the date with a white stone. Luckily, we seem to be arriving at this "English" state of things, and our daughters must now be formally "intro-

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A party of some kind must be given in her honor, and thus she is launched formally into the vortex. Then there can be no dispute afterward as to whether she is a rose or only a bud. The form most in favor is a large reception to which the mother invites all of her lady friends, married and single, and to them she formally presents her daughter, or a tea may be given, at which the young lady may be assisted by other young debutantes, her betters, or a dinner party may be given in her honor, at which she is formally introduced to the near relatives and a few intimate friends; or a large party or ball may be given in her honor by a near relative. Any of these forms are correct, and afterward parties and teas and luncheons and theater parties are showered upon the happy young aspirant, until she naturally concludes that the world was made especially for her to turn in, and it is but natural to hand her over.

Formal debut parties are of recent date in St. Louis, although a few old families have preserved the custom and have always intro-

duced their daughters formally. This season the fashion will be quite general. A number of such parties have already been given and are to be given before the end of the month, for there are more debutantes this season than was ever known before. The long list published in the "Post-Dispatch" does not exhaust the subject by any means. The presidential election does not seem to have had any effect upon the matrimonial market, however, may have affected other branches of business. There must be at least 150 debutantes if one could find them out, but the roses and the round buds are so alike that it is hard to distinguish them, owing to the fact that the debutantes have not yet come out, as their appearances in the hall-room before they enter school. There is, however, the odd case of little buds who have had the debut long ago; the debut season has been wonderfully popular.

At the different clubs this season there have been quite a number of pretty young girls introduced to society. There are many in the city can there be found so many beautiful girls assembled together as at the Germania circle, where the debutantes were looking was remarkably brilliant and quite a number of handsome young girls were added to

the average.

Miss Cora Briggs was "introduced" yesterday morning to Mrs. Dr. Briggs of Olive street. She is a typical example of the blonde type, with lovely complexion, fair hair and blue eyes. She has just returned from a trip to Europe and has many interesting conversations.

Miss Virginia May is a brilliant blonde with dark hair and sparkling blue eyes. She has a clear, olive complexion tinged with the hue of the rose. She is a very clever and attractive young woman.

At the opening ball of the Harmonie Club there were several debutantes, and there will be many more. The Harmonie est. Miss Helen Rothschild is one of the most interesting, and was reckoned to be the belle of the ball. She is neither a blonde nor a brunet; has fair complexion with vivid coloring, dark eyes, and a decided nose. Her figure is well set on embonpoint, is very graceful and vivacious manner. She is the daughter of Mr. Julius Rothschild.

Miss Nellie Schardt, daughter of Mr. Bea Schardt, is another little beauty, a decided blonde, with dark hair and dark eyes and a most amiable expression. She is a charming companion, full of life.

Miss Annie Steinberg is a charming young

girl of medium height, with dark eyes and hair, her olive complexion shining a rich red tint in her cheeks. She is very highly educated and very bright and quick at repartees.

Miss Sophie Gernan is a tall, slender German girl, with light brown hair and blue eyes. She is a thorough linguist and musician, and very gracious and courteous in manner.

Miss Tillie Fabian of the Germania circle made her debut at their opening ball. Like her beautiful sisters she is tall and

slim, and has golden-brown hair and blue eyes. Her figure is superb, and she has added to her natural graces of mind and person all of the accomplishments which may be called the highest attainments. Furthermore, she is a thorough linguist and musician, and very gracious and courteous in manner.

Miss Sophie Neumann made her debut recently at a large party given in her honor by her parents. She is a week or two older than Tillie, and is a slender, pale blonde, with red Saxon hair and blue eyes. She is very vivacious in manner.

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A SUCCESSFUL WRITER.

A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR OF "UNCLE REMUS'" TALES.

George Sands' Posthumous Novel—The Bible Stories in Words of One Syllable—Days of Sermons—by Margaret McDonald Fullerton—The Latest Magazines—Book Notes and the Latest Books Received.

HE writers of dialect stories hold so much of the popular attention that the reader will doubtless be interested in knowing something about one of the most successful ones. It is the subject of a sketch of the author of the "Uncle Remus'" stories.

Joel Chandler Harris was born December 9, 1842, in Eatonton, Putnam County, Ga. His only early education was a few terms at the local academy, but when 12 years old he obtained a position on a weekly paper, the *Countrymen*, published by Col. Turner, who was a bookish man and had an extensive library. He took a fancy to the boy Harris



Joel Chandler Harris.

and in his leisure hours gave him the use of his books, and hence he was educated. After the burning of Atlanta Harris went to Macon, New Orleans, Forsyth, and Savannah, finding employment on the press. After the yellow fever of 1878 at Savannah he went to Atlanta, and on to the Constitution, and then his literary career properly began.

The regular writer of the "Uncle Remus" stories was a reporter for the *Constitution*, and as the articles were popular Mr. Harris was requested to try his hand at them, and before he knew it "Uncle Remus" was famous and an event in the literary world. The author did not claim any credit, and said he was only a reporter, but that was modesty. In 1882 was published "Nights With Uncle Remus"; in 1884 "Mingo," and in 1887, "Free Joe." He has written a novel which is regarded upon "Aaron," a novel which is destined to be the longest and most ambitious of his efforts. He has also completed, jointly with Mrs. M. S. Young of Alabama (Ellie Shepherd), "The Camp and Ballads of the Old Plantations," and the work will make its appearance at an early day.

Mr. Harris is of medium height; compact but supple, and rather on the round side. He is the most pronounced of blondes, with chestnut hair, very brown eyes, and brown eyes, except when the owner of them is in a merry mood, and then they dance and flash with mischief. He makes it a point to be jolly at all times and under all circumstances. Sick or well, he is always in good humor. He thoroughly enjoys his work, and manages to extract as much fun out of it as some people would get out of a continuous round of amusements.

HISTORY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE. Illustrations and maps. By George Sand. New York: George Routledge & Sons. St. Louis: John L. Boland, Price, \$1.

A little book, or, at least, by the size of a book of books, for each week, and even day, brings something new for them, both amusing and instructive. The history of the Old and New Testaments in words of one syllable, by George Sand, is a book which has been done for the very little ones, and two very attractive books are the result.

The November number of *Owing* is up to the usual standard of the magazine and contains its leading feature a notable article on the "Outdoor Life of the Presidents." With Washington naturally the first, by John F. Foley. The illustrations are novel and the letter-press is a great poem.

A novel and interesting scientific view of the relation of the sea to the land, by Prof. Lester F. Ward, and the Superintendent of the Nicaragua Canal points out the inevitable changes in the direction of the world's commerce which will follow the completion of this enterprise.

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The well-known English sporting writer, Charles Turner, furnishes an interesting review of the revival and wonderful growth of athleticism since the middle of the century.

The number contains a full report of the "Dinner Grade," "A Canoe Adventure" by Prof. K. Wing, "On the Connecticut," "A poem by Wm. Williams Johnson Jr., "The Sacrament," "The Haunted Wheel," "A Cyclic Story, by Prof. C. T. Dillingham," "A Yacht Club Cruise of '88," by Our Sports Correspondent, with photographs. Comedies, Gossips, Letters, Poems, and four illustrations by Fred S. Coxons, and The Australian Base Ball Tour," by Harry Palmer.

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THE FLIRT'S PARADISE.

KANSAS CITY GIRLS HAVE A PENSCHANT FOR THE GAY AND GIDDY MASHER.

(Make Believe Love) Flourishing, According to the Testimony of the Ladies—The Cable Cars a Favorite Field of the Masher—Interesting Experiences and Observations—Different Methods of Flirtation.

Special Correspondence of SUNDAY POST-DISPATCH.

KANSAS CITY, November 2.

THE question of whether or not Kansas City is an immoral town, as considered from the aspect of street life, is often discussed, and nowhere more than among those dear, delightful people, the ladies. They all know that this is a wicked, wicked city. Of a number of my intimate friends whom I asked for opinions on this subject, all save one were strong in denunciation of those horrid and quite unnecessary creatures, the men, for their bold manners in public. And this one was converted to the popular position of her sex a day or two ago. This is the way she puts it:

"I've often heard my lady friends say that they couldn't go a block on Main, between Fifth and Twelfth, without being stared out of countenance or gawked at by some ill-bred biped in pantaloons and waistcoat, who is prominent, strutting, especially as night approaches, to insure yourself untold rudeness."

I have been able to boast of my escape from all such experiences and have doubted their truth. But yesterday I had my experience. I was sitting in a Twelfth street cable-car, next to the back platform window. Just opposite me was a well-dressed; not unhandsome gentleman—a man I mean—old man (spiritually); he was 50 if a day, and I saw him regarding me closely. I was much vexed, and sought to take no notice of him. But all the time, as he was directly in front of me, I could not help noticing him, and when I saw others in the car noticed it. Finally I saw him draw a card from his pocket and tear off the lower left hand corner. Shortly after, he got up to leave the car and went out on the platform. The window was open, and he leaped off so heily dropped the torn corner of the card, nearly folded, into my lap. The impudent rascal! You say, of course, I threw it out of the car? No, never, no, never!

For their action the young men are not to blame. There are few Japoneses at this day, and the men are not afraid of them. As to this class of girls that they meet, I can assure you, they are not to blame. They are good parents, and, while foolish enough to be "out for a lark," had womanly sense enough to be "out for a lark."

Again the girls smiled, and the young man stopped. "Some of our old schoolmates, I say, are very good, very decent, very nice."

Again the girls smiled, and the young man stopped.

"Howdy do?" Nothing would have been easier than for the girls to have fallen in with the young man, and make the advance.

They did not want any of

them, "OLD SCHOOLMATES."

and the girls were silent, which they turned away caused the young man to fall back in much confusion. Now, these young girls are not to blame, either. They are good parents, and, while foolish enough to be "out for a lark," had womanly sense enough to be "out for a lark."

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THE LODGE FREQUENTERS

A WEEK'S EVENTS IN LOCAL SECRET SOCIETY CIRCLES.

The Personnel of a Young and Successful Council With an Historic Name—Its Bright Coterie of Officials—Social Gatherings—Interesting Gossip About the Men and Women of Different Organizations.

HONORABLE among the many lodges of the A. O. U. W. in St. Louis, that bearing the name of the distinguished French General and nobleman, Marquis de Lafayette, plays a very important role. The Lodge could hardly have selected a more appropriate name than that in honor of one of America's greatest friends and patriots. At the time the American colonies were endeavoring to cast off the yoke of Great Britain, and struggling for independence and liberty, Lafayette, a young man of wealth and culture, was enjoying high social position and rank at the court of Louis Philippe. He was an ardent follower of the struggle of the young American Republic for right and liberty from some of his friends he left his family and native country and unhesitatingly espoused the cause of the American people, offering his riches and his personal talents in their behalf.

Lafayette Lodge, No. 14, composed mostly of young men between the ages of 21 and 30, is another under the ties of a common purpose, the principles of the great principles of fraternal organization. The Order of United Fraternal Masons, which has its headquarters at Lafayette Hall, on the corner of Seventeenth and Cass Avenue, and instituted May 27, 1887, by Hon. Henry J. Rogers, Grand Master Workman, with 50 charter members, the membership has increased to nearly one hundred, and is rapidly increasing.

Among the other members are John A. Schade, George W. Schade, who, at present, is serving his second term as Master Workman; Dr. Schade is very popular; he is the finest ritualistic Master in the city.

The lodge's annual meetings are held on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. The first meeting during the year will be on October 29, and the last one, fully half a century of the order being present, and was pronounced a great success.

Considering that the lodge is comparatively new, it is remarkable what interest it has in using several assessments and contributions to make the general funds and still retains a large amount.

The lodge's annual assessments are \$100,000, and the president, Mr. Schade, is a regular and promising officer. He took his card and in conjunction organized Lafayette Lodge.

John N. Kunts, the present foreman, is a charter member of the Lodge, and is about 30 years of age, and a native of New York. He comes from the U. O. W. one of the most prominent lodges, and the greatest blessing to the man.

John N. Kunts, the Overseer of the Lodge, is a young man, not over 30, and was born in St. Louis. He is a wagon maker, in business with his father, Mr. and Mrs. Wash Kunts. Mr. Kunts believes he is the only brother among members of the A. O. U. W. than in any other order.

John Van Kamen, the bookkeeper of Lafayette Lodge, William J. Score, residing at 2904 Cass Avenue, is a good Secy. and a man of great worth.

The Important office of Financier is held by Mr. H. H. Miller, the bookkeeper of the Furniture Works' Lodge, No. 14, which Hill is very prompt and faithful in performing his duties, and is endeavoring to promote the interests of Lafayette Lodge in every possible way. To date, the largest number of assessments during the year out of the general funds is the problem he is endeavoring to solve.

John Van Kamen, the bookkeeper of 2904 Chestnut street, holds office of Receiver, and Van Kamen, is a very popular and well known man, and has made many friends among the men of the city, so that they have a man of sterling good qualities in the important office.

John Van Kamen, the bookkeeper of 2904 Chestnut street, holds office of Receiver, and Van Kamen, is a very popular and well known man, and has made many friends among the men of the city, so that they have a man of sterling good qualities in the important office.

Otto Sauer, to promote the interests of Lafayette Lodge, has said that there is no lodge like Lafayette Lodge, and the name of the general fund is the problem he is endeavoring to solve.

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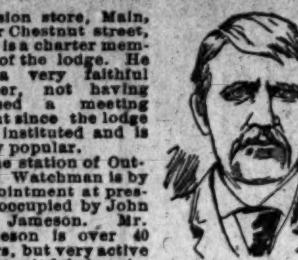
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Mr. O'Dell is book-keeper of Hohman's com-



Andrew J. W. Miller.

ROMINENT among the many lodges of the A. O. U. W. in St. Louis, that bearing the name of the distinguished French General and nobleman, Marquis de Lafayette, plays a very important role. The Lodge could hardly have selected a more appropriate name than that in honor

of the personnel of other councils, and not make Valley Council an exception.

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At the meeting last Friday evening at Occidental Hall of Mount City Council, No. 74, to greet Grand Master F. E. H. Jackson and Thornton B. Jackson were admitted to membership and three applications were received.

Frank Regent, who takes a lively interest in promoting the welfare of the order, expressed his hearty congratulations upon the successful organization of the Council and congratulated its officers and members upon the phenomenal success of the new Lodge.

He urged the members to make the council second to none in this jurisdiction.

Accompanying the Grand Regent were W. E. Bonner, Grand Secretary, W. E. Robinson, Grand Chaplain, Chas. B. Cox, and Grand Sentry, Thomas F. Hayes.

Those present are indebted to Albert A. Allen, E. M. Harris, W. C. Clegg, and C. W. Williams for their musical and instrumental music which contributed largely to the occasion pleasant and interesting.

On Thursday night Alpha's Regent, Charles Clegg, organized the Alpha Lodge, No. 1, at the next meeting of Valley.

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